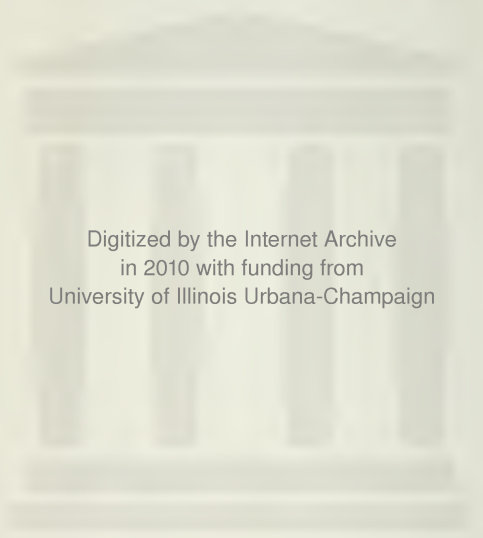


LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823

Y842r

v.3



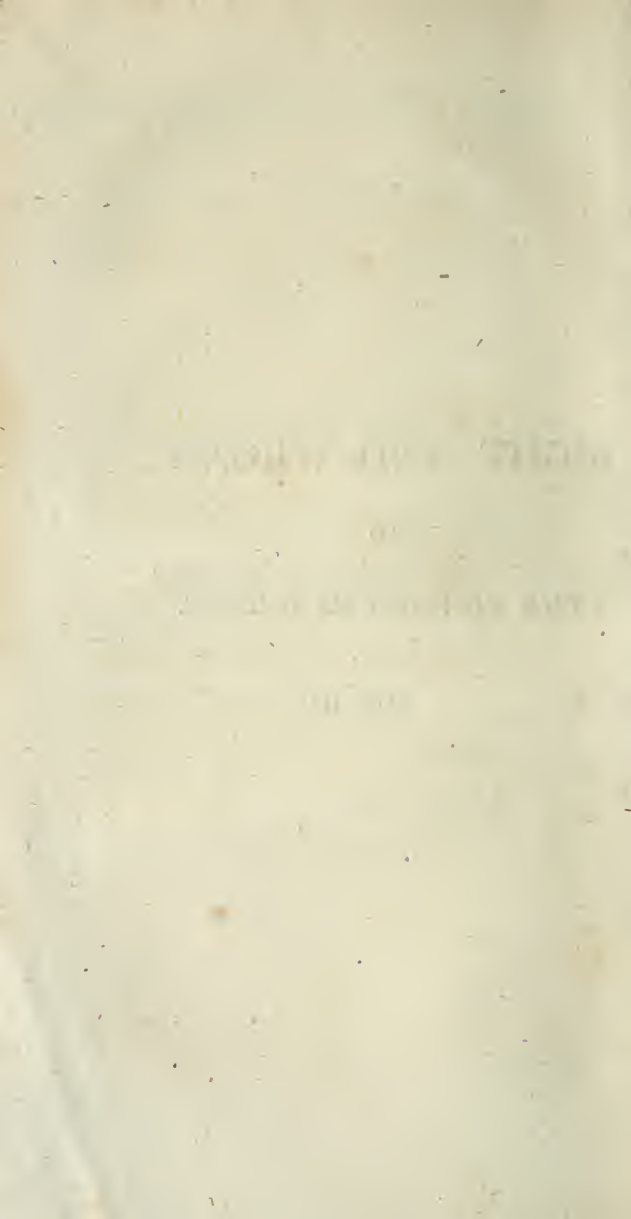
Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2010 with funding from
University of Illinois Urbana-Champaign

RIGHT AND WRONG;

OR,

THE KINSMEN OF NAPLES.

VOL. III.



Eliza Cuffard Verquini
RIGHT AND WRONG; *Thin*

OR,

THE KINSMEN OF NAPLES.

A ROMANTIC STORY,
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

BY MARY JULIA YOUNG,

AUTHOR OF

Rose Mount Castle, The East Indian, Moss Cliff Abbey,
Poems, &c. &c.

VOL. III.

—— They both are bright; but one
Benignly bright as stars to Mariners;
And one a Comet, with malignant blaze
Denouncing ruin. *The Brothers—Young.*

Who by Repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of Heaven nor Earth. *Shakespeare.*

London:

PRINTED BY D. N. SHURY, BERWICK STREET;
FOR CROSBY AND CO. STATIONERS' COURT; AND
HUGHES, WIGMORE STREET.

1803.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

1215 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

1900

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

1900

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

1215 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

1900

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

1215 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

1900

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ASTOR LENOX AND TILDEN FOUNDATIONS

1215 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

1900

823

Y842 n

v.3

RIGHT AND WRONG;

OR,

THE KINSMEN OF NAPLES.

CHAP. I.

Humanity.

WHEN the time was fixed for the departure of the Conte Severino, he invited Duvalvin to go with him on board the vessel, and sup with Captain Brutoni, whom he had appointed to be the commander.

The ship was elegant and commodious, but Duvalvin beheld with disgust Captain Brutoni, who behaved to *him* with *reserve*, to the *Conte* with *servility*, and to the *sailors* with *austerity*. His dark, ferocious looks proclaimed him a practised bravo, who would execute deeds of cruelty without remorse; and his manners to the Conte evinced that he could slavishly kiss the hand which held a bribe to excite him to injure the fortunes or destroy the lives of his fellow creatures.

The penetrating eyes of Duvalvi marked every look and gesture of Brutoni; his opinion was not in general hastily formed, yet in this instance it was *hasty* and *decisive*. He found it difficult to conceal his dislike, but knowing that

that dissimulation was necessary, he endeavoured to render himself agreeable to those who were to be the companions of his voyage, although the thoughts of *that voyage* gave him more uneasiness than ever, for *now*, to the proud, unfeeling Severino, was added the cringing yet *dangerous* Brutoni.

As the boat landed them within half a mile of the Castella di Pliantini, where the Conte and Captain were to sleep, Severino had not ordered his carriage, as the weather was fine, and the way safe and pleasant.

In passing a little street inhabited by mechanics they were alarmed by a strong smell of fire, and presently perceiving smoke issuing out of the shutters of a
B 2 shop

shop opposite to them, the Conte Severino, hurrying on before Duvalvin and Brutoni, said,

“ Come Frederic — come Captain, come on as fast as possible, or we shall be incommoded by the crowd, and have some accident happen to us.”

“ I will do as you please undoubtedly, most noble Conte ; but if we could stand safe we should have rare sport ; the pretty girls will be running about half naked presently, and in their terror we might convey them where we pleased.”

“ Women are not so scarce, Brutoni, that we need stay to catch them from the flames.—I shall go on—where is Frederic ?”

“ Oh

“ Oh he ran over immediately to rouse the people, and perhaps may get into some danger; shall we stay for him, Conte?”

“ No, no, come on Brutoni, he knows his way home, and ought to have discretion enough to take care of himself; come, come, Captain.”

While they hurried away Duvalvin burst open the slightly fastened door, and met the master of the house in the passage; with one arm he clasped an infant to his bosom, with the other he supported his trembling wife, and rushed into the street—then, turning hastily back, exclaimed in accents of agony,

“ My mother?—my children!”

“ Oh God!” screamed the wife,
“ they will perish! Oh save them! save
them! our babes! our mother! Oh!
the flames! the flames!”

The distracted husband put the infant
into his wife’s arms—she tottered—he
just saved her from falling to the earth—
Duvalvin said,

“ Stay, stay, my friend, and take care
of *these* helpless beings—I will save the
rest, or perish with them.”

“ O my poor lame mother! my dear
babies! my wife is dying too!”

The flames now burst from the shop
window—Duvalvin ran up stairs—the
first bed he came to was empty, in the
next

next room he saw two—the venerable mother and four children were fast asleep—he roused the eldest of the children, and bade them fly down stairs to their father and mother, who were in the street—for the house was on fire—and seeing them look anxiously at their grandmother and the little one in bed with her, he said,

“ Fly, fly—I will follow you with *these*—take care of yourselves.”

The grandmother opened her eyes—she started up, and caught the little one in her arms—she saw the smoak—she heard the wood crack—and looking beseechingly at Duvalvin, said,

“ Leave me! leave *me* and preserve

my children—take my little Rosa—leave me and save the rest.”

While she was speaking, Duvalvin wrapt the coverlet around her, and desiring her to hold the baby fast, took them gently in his arms—the stairs were on fire—they cracked beneath his feet—the flames crossed the passage—he rushed rapidly through them, and found the rest of the family in the street, which was now all confusion. Duvalvin fate his burthen down at a door while he rested himself; she was surrounded by her family—they forgot their terror—their nakedness, and their distress—they felt *nothing* but joy in seeing one another safe.

Duvalvin finding that no part of their
property

property could be saved, as the whole of their humble dwelling was now in a blaze, turned all his thoughts on the hapless group that he had preserved, and recollecting an hotel just by, he took the grandmother again in his arms, and desired the son to follow with his wife and children. The people at the hotel were up, and the women and little ones had beds prepared for them immediately. The hostess gave them some whey, and the host lent the husband some clothes. Duvalvin assisted him to put them on—he was cold and trembling—his face was full of horror—he said, wildly,

“Where are they? are they *all* safe?”

“*Everyone*, my good friend; be calm.”

“ Is it possible! my wife! my mother! my *five* children—can it be?”

“ They are all safe, and in bed.”

“ I *must* see them—do not deceive me.”

“ You *shall* see them—come with me.”

The wife was fitting up in the bed suckling her infant; she held out her hand, and said,

“ Do I see you *safe*, my beloved Molini? have you received no hurt?”

“ None, my Viola—I am safe and well—but our children and mother! where are they?”

“ In

“ In the next room, in bed—O how happy I am! see, I can still nourish little Pietro; the fright has not deprived me of my milk.”

The affectionate Molini threw his arms around his wife and child, and kissed them tenderly—he then ran into the next room—Duvalvin followed him—he stopped at the first bed, in which were his three eldest children; he gazed on them with rapture, and exclaimed,

“ My dear boys! Antonio and Alexi, you are both safe!—my pretty Viola too!” Then turning to another bed he continued, “ And here, *here* is my revered mother, and my little Rosa—all! *all* my blessings are preserved—I am rich and happy!”

He sunk upon his knees, and looked up to Heaven with rapturous gratitude—his mother put her hand on his head, and said devoutly,

“ Bless you! bless you, my son!—Heaven sent an angel to preserve us *all*, and Heaven will enable you to provide for us, notwithstanding your loss of property, my dutiful and affectionate Molini—”

Molini kissed his mother’s hand; and *now* perfectly tranquillised, said to Duvalvin,

“ It is to *you*, Signor, to *you* that I owe the preservation of these treasures! May Heaven reward you for it! May saints and angels continually hover round
you,

you, to guard you from danger! Oh! Signor! look at these cherubs—look at my revered parent—their lives have been preserved by you—they will daily implore their saints to *blefs* you—the prayers of virtuous matrons and innocent babes will not be rejected.”

“ I am sure they will not. But now, my good friend, if you will come with me into another apartment, and drink some coffee which is preparing for us, we will settle some plan for your re-establishment in business. I am not inclined to forsake those whom I have had the good fortune to save, till I see them restored to their former happiness.”

Molini, who was going out of the door, turned back a few steps, and
looked

looked anxiously at his family, then snatched Duvalvin's hand and pressed it ardently between his, while, unable to utter his feelings, the tears of gratitude rolled down his cheeks.

Duvalvin gently drew one of Molini's hands through his arm, and silently proceeded to an apartment where coffee and cakes were placed before them.

CHAP. II.

Generosity.

When Molini was a little refreshed by a cup of coffee and some cake, Duvalvin asked, "What is your profession, Signor Molini?"

"I am a painter and japanner; in which business both my wife and mother assist me. The stock of my little shop consisted of pictures, fans, screens, and various japanned articles, both useful and ornamental; these, although a temporary loss, our *industry* can soon replace
at

at a *trifling cost*, if we can meet with an habitation in the neighbourhood, where we are *known*, and, I hope, *respected*, as I have hitherto kept myself out of debt—I had saved a few pistoles—but they are gone—no matter, my *family* is *safe*, though *naked*. I can get credit just for necessary clothing, and we must work the harder to pay the debts incurred by this unforeseen misfortune.”

“ Can you guess by what accident your house caught fire ? ”

“ Yesterday noon, Signor, a chimney at the next door was on fire, but soon extinguished; a suffocating smell continued, which I imagined was only from the smoak that had communicated to our house, therefore was not alarmed at it;

now

now I think that some beam must have smothered, and by blazing out suddenly in the night, unfortunately consumed my house, which I hope is the only one destroyed—I want no companions in distress.”

As it was now a time for people to go about business, Duvalvin proposed to Molini to go in search of a situation. They went into the street where the fire happened, and found Molini was the only sufferer—the houses adjoining were preserved, and the people were replacing the goods they had removed, as the fire was quite extinguished by the exertion of the neighbours, who were all rejoiced to see Molini, and to hear that all his family were safe.

Duvalvin

Duvalvin soon saw a bill on a small neat house with a good fronted shop; he knocked at the door, and Molini said,

“ I fear, Signor, that house is too high rented, it is very convenient and newly fitted up.”

“ So much the better; we will look at it, Signor Molini, and see if the inside be as pretty as the outside, which I like much.”

“ This house belongs to a cabinet-maker and upholsterer for whom I do a great deal of work; he is a very good sort of a man.”

“ I am glad to hear it—he will deal
fairly

fairly by you ; he shall furnish this house immediately. The size of it is just suited to your family ; it is small, clean, and airy ; let us go to your friend the landlord, and choose furniture for it."

" Excuse me, Signor, I must not involve myself in debts above my ability to pay, even by the most unwearied diligence—nor can I think of trespassing on the good nature of one who has already been very kind to me in many of those little embarrassments which the father of a family in confined circumstances must sometimes experience."

" I do not intend you should do either, my good Molini ; Providence enabled me to preserve your mother and children, and you must give me leave
to

to put you once more in a way to provide for them."

" Oh! Signor! you have already done too much for me and *mine*, at the hazard of your life. I will borrow a few necessaries of our good neighbours, and take a cheap lodging—in time I shall do better; let not my wants encroach on your generosity."

" If, my friend, you think yourself under any obligation to me, reward me by letting me have my own way—I must not be controlled—so let us go to the cabinet maker's."

Molini bowed humbly, and led the way—Duvalvin agreed for the house, and desired that it might be completely furnished,

furnished, in a neat, plain style, with every thing necessary to render it fit for the reception of Molini and his family the next day. He paid a year's rent in advance, and gave his address, that the bills might be inclosed to him when the house was ready for the reception of its new inhabitants.

When this business was settled he returned to the hotel with Molini, who was met by his wife and children all neatly habited, as was his respectable mother; for the thoughtful Duvalvin had left money with the hostess to supply their wants before they got up, and she had been faithful to her trust. Molini himself was also decently clothed; and their benefactor, after ordering a plentiful dinner to be prepared for them, took
his

his leave, and returned home, happy in the thoughts of what he *had* done, and what he intended to do for an unfortunate but, apparently, amiable family, precipitated from all the humble comforts of life into a state of poverty and nakedness; their distresses called for immediate relief, and Duvalvin's generous disposition would not make cold or thoughtless delays in such a case, or give them just a temporary assistance, and leave the poor man to struggle for years, before he could regain the situation from which he had so suddenly fallen.

As Marco knew his master was to spend the evening on board ship with the Conte Severino, he was not uneasy at his not coming home all night. He knew also that the Conte and Captain Brutoni

Brutoni intended to sleep at the Castella di Pliantini, but he had not heard them come in, for, being on foot, they entered by a private door, at which some of the servants were standing, and went immediately to the apartments prepared for them, which were very distant from Duvalvin's.

Thus had poor Marco passed a quiet night, by being ignorant of his beloved master's real situation; had he been informed of it, he would have gone directly to have given him assistance in his humane exertions.

Duvalvin could not help smiling at Marco's reception of him, the pleasure which at first was expressed in his countenance, was changed in a moment to surprise

surprise and anxiety, and he hastily asked,

“What is the matter *now*, my master? you look pale and disordered! where have you been? what has happened to you?”

“Nothing bad to *me*, my good Marco; I have only been doing what *you* would have done—assisting the distressed.”

“I wish I had been with you, my master! Your hair is burnt! your hands are blistered!”

“But I covered up the old grandmother and the little girl—*they*, thank God! are not in the least hurt.—I
passed

passed so quickly through the flames—
O Marco! had you seen the raptures
of poor Molini when he beheld them
all safe!”

“Molini! Signor, what Molini?”

“The painter, in — street; his
house is burnt down.”

“Worthy, industrious man! what a
misfortune! But you say his dear family
are all preserved by yourself, my dear
master—is it not so?”

“I had the happiness to help them.
The Conte Severino and Brutoni are not
up yet, I suppose.

“Are they here, my master?”

“ I suppose so—they left me, and ran home for fear of danger when they saw a house on fire.”

“ Curse them ! selfish cowards ! I wonder what *their* lives are good for.”

“ They are of great value to themselves, Marco—besides I fear they are not fit to die.”

“ Will they ever be fitter, my master ? Pride and ill-nature seldom wear off. God forgive them, and turn their hearts ! and God forgive me too if I judge too severely of them ! Yet I am sure poor Molini is a better man than either of them, though he is neither a Conte nor a Captain, nor even has clothes to cover him, at present ; Heaven help him !”

“ Are

“ Are you acquainted with him, Marco?”

“ Ah, yes, Signor! his good mother was sister to Bianca’s worthy husband, and we have always been friendly and affectionate one among another. But your poor hands, my master! they must not be neglected—I will put something to them which will heal them very soon I hope. How black and dirty your clothes are too—but no matter for them, they can easily be changed.”

“ Make haste, my good Marco, order my carriage, and equip me presently; I want to see Signora Vinoni—and you may go to the Hotel —, in — street, and dine with your friend Molini and his family. Give orders from

me to the host to supply them with plentiful meals and good beds till their house is ready."

"Then it is not quite burnt down, Signor!"

"I mean another that Molini has just taken, which is not furnished yet."

When Marco had dressed Duvalvin, cut his singed hair, and bound up his hands which had been terribly scorched, and looked after the carriage as it drove to the cottage, blessing his excellent master till it was no longer in sight, he made all the haste he could to the hotel, where he heard from the grateful Molini, the particulars of Duvalvin's generous and thoughtful conduct, with
which

which Marco, who was no stranger to his liberality, was more pleased than surprised.

When Duvalvin arrived at the cottage, after the usual compliments were over, he said,

“ My dear Signora, a fire last night has given me a mother, a wife, and five young children, for whom I must request you to choose proper changes of apparel, and also a sufficient quantity of bed and table linen; there are warehouses which I know have all such articles ready made, and I wish them to be placed in the drawers against my family enter a house which is furnishing for them.”

“ I will aid your kind intentions to the utmost of my power—but have your children no father except you?”

“ Yes, thank Heaven! a very affectionate one, whose wardrobe I, with the help of Marco, shall furnish; and also, now I recollect, the two eldest boys shall be taken off your hands. The grandmother, short, thin, and lame; the wife, about your own height and size; Viola five, Rosa three years old, and an infant of four months, little Pietro, are to be your charge.”

“ Poor things! what a friend have they found!”

“ Another favour I have to beg; that you will go with me to the house,
and

and order every thing necessary to commence housekeeping in a convenient, comfortable manner; I shall make no apology for these requests—you will take a delight in complying with them, and be happy in relieving a delicate woman from all fatigue of body and mind, who after such a fright requires rest and tranquillity to enable her to recover her strength and spirits, that she may nourish her infant with pure and wholesome milk, and add another rosy, strong pedestrian, in a few months, to his healthy brothers and sisters; for I think I never saw finer children.”

Just as they were ready to set out, the Marchesa del Urbino entered with the young Marchese and Adela, when Duvalvin told her of the accident, and

what Signora Vinoni had undertaken, the Marchesa said,

“ And do you think, my good friends, that I shall suffer you to monopolize benevolent actions; no indeed, I claim *my* share. I know Molini—I have bought many pretty things at his shop, and have admired his children. You may clothe the males, if you please, Signor Duvalvin, but you shall leave the females to me, and the baby.—Signora Vinoni and I will make all the expedition possible in providing for my part of the family, while you do the same for yours.”

“ Generous Marchesa, it would be impertinent for me to contend with you on this point.”

“ Extremely

“Extremely so; and it will be equally ill-natured if you do not satisfy my curiosity; so come into my coach, and give me the particulars of poor Molini’s misfortune, and let us settle a plan for his immediate re-establishment in business. Your carriage may follow, to be ready when we must separate to pursue our necessary avocations, for no time must be lost.”

No time was lost, the house was completely furnished in three days. The drawers were well stocked, and a servant hired by the Marchesa, who had been well recommended by Bianca.

Molini and his family were joyfully received in their neat habitation by Bianca and Marco, and found a plentiful

supper prepared by their decent domestic.

Their grateful hearts were overpowered at the sight of the conveniences and plenty which surrounded them; never could be seen a happier group.

Marco and Bianca had hearts formed by nature to rejoice in the felicity of others, and truly enjoyed that of the Molinis, whose happiness was corrected, not damped, by serious and pious reflections on the imminent danger from which they were *all* so providentially rescued by the exertions of the humane Duvalvin.

The Marchesa gave Molini a sum of money to furnish every material for his
business,

business, and to support himself and family till he had a good selection of articles ready for sale: she also promised him her patronage. Duvalvin too assured him of his, when he returned from Africa, and in the mean time he recommended him to Signora l'Abandoni, who he knew would be a good customer for the fanciful and elegant trifles Molini dealt in, and pay generously for them.

Thus were eight beings preserved, not only from the flames, but from extreme wretchedness, by the timely exertions of humanity and well-directed liberality, which put them once more in a way to be a credit to their country, and happy in themselves.

CHAP. III.

Interrogatories.

NO family engagements or altercations interrupted Duvalvin in his benevolent proceedings; for his Uncle and Aunt accompanied the Conte Severino to a small villa which he had about forty miles from the city, where they staid a week; and Di Rozezzi went with Casfinò and several other young noblemen on a tour of pleasure for eight days.

At the return of the Conte and Contessa, Duvalvin went to pay his respects
to

to them. As he was in his morning dress he had not concealed his hands with gloves, and the Contessa seeing them bound round with ribbon, exclaimed,

“ Good Heaven! what have you done to your hands, Frederic, that they are so bound up?”

“ I burnt them a few days ago ; they are almost well now.”

“ How could you be so careless?—what were you doing?”

“ What will always give me pleasure in retrospect.”

“ Or when you look at your *scars*, acquired by some noble act, no doubt!”

“ Not

“ Not *noble enough* to tempt either the Conte Severino or Captain Brutoni to encounter the slightest difficulties.— They thought *self-preservation* was their *first and only* duty.

“ They are sensible, prudent men ; you a rash, thoughtless, ungovernable boy, who are continually precipitating yourself into danger, contrary to the advice of your friends. I remember that my brother said he left you breaking open the door of a shop which was on fire, though he entreated you to come home; if you had been burnt to death it would have been only a just punishment for your ridiculous obstinacy.”

“ And I would rather have been burnt to death in obeying the dictates of
of

of humanity, than selfishly preserve a life disgraceful to myself and useless to others ; for such it must be, if I feared to hazard it in the defence of my fellow creatures.”

“ O brave! you are a most heroic young man! your exploits will be recorded for the example of mankind.”

“ You will not give him leave to inform us how he came by that accident.”

“ By running wilfully into the flames, mio caro; was it not so, Frederic?”

“ It *was*.”

“ And what was your motive, child, for such rashness?”

“ Oh

“ Oh my Uncle! it was to save the helpless! infancy and age.”

“ Did you succeed?”

“ I did! and have the bliss of seeing a whole family safe and happy through my means.”

“ And now you *have* saved them, all naked I suppose, what do you intend to do with them? is your Uncle to be incumbered with a parcel of beggars? Where have you put them—in the stable?”

“ I should not have thought the stable a lodging fit for human creatures—nor can industrious people, plunged into a temporary distress by such a sudden misfortune, be called *beggars*.”

“ They

“ They cannot be a degree better if they have lost their little property. We must make a collection for them at your aunt’s converzatione to-morrow evening.”

“ So we can, mio caro, and I dare say we shall collect a good sum for the poor creatures. How many of them are there?”

“ Five very young children, their father, mother, and grandmother.”

“ Oh Heavens! what a pack! how, in the name of all the saints, are *so many* to be provided for?”

“ By the industry of the father.”

“ Bu

“ But at present they are all to be clothed!”

“ Well, my love, you know the collection we make will do that; they are certainly great objects of charity.”

“ Not *so* great that the Conte and Contessa Pliantini must turn beggars to clothe them—no, thank Heaven! they are already liberally provided for by the Marchesa del Urbino, and do not stand in need of any other assistance at present. You have, I know, frequently purchased pretty things at Molini’s shop, and will, I hope, continue to patronize him.”

“ O certainly I shall. *Poor* Molini! so it was *his* house that was burnt! Well
I will

I will go to him directly, and bespeak some flower stands, and other things, and recommend him to every body; but what must the Marchesa del Urbino think of us, Frederic, when you carry all your distressed people to her; it must seem very strange; there was the boy Enrico, and now these Molinis—you do not give the Conte and me time to consider what we will do for people, but away they are hurried to the Palazza del Urbino.”

“ Your aunt says true—you are too precipitate—by much too precipitate.”

“ I did not take Enrico Arioni to the Palazza del Urbino *till* I was peremptorily ordered *not to keep* him in the Castella di Pliantini; nor could I possibly keep

keep Molini and his family in the stable, without clothes, till you came to town, and made a collection for them."

"Well, it does not signify, we shall never want objects to bestow our charity upon. I am sure the Contessa and myself do a great deal of good, though *we do not* let all the world know it."

"No, we are not ostentatious, we give *secretly* what we can spare—but only think, Frederic, what your excellent Uncle has done for you and Lorenzo—brought you both up like noblemen—like his sons! and still maintains you as such; yet *you will* disgrace us. I suppose, when you are at sea with my brother, if one of the dirty fellows should fall overboard, *you will* plunge into the waves

waves offer him, without considering your own consequence."

" I *should* consider my *consequence*, and act accordingly—*act* as becomes a *human* creature who knows there is a world to come, and a God to judge me, not according to my birth and fortune, but according to my actions and the motives which excited them."

" You may be very right, perhaps, but I am extremely glad that my dear Lorenzo is more careful of himself than to expose his life for every stranger who happens to be in danger."

" Lorenzo is no coward; I think he would have acted exactly as I did, had he been in the street when Molini's house was on fire."

" I am

“ I am very happy he was not, to have his hands so deformed with scars as yours will be, I suppose.”

“ Well! well! my love, say no more to him about them. Frederic has acted like a brave fellow, and the scars will be all worn out by the time he returns from Tripoli.”

“ And if they be *not*, I shall behold them with pleasure: even if my hands were rendered *useless* to me, I should rejoice that it was by a deed which preserved children to be a blessing to their parents, and a mother to bless an affectionate son. Oh! my Uncle! had you witnessed the blissful scene when they saw each other safe! I shall never forget it! I never experienced such heart-felt satisfaction!”

“ You

“ You are a most eccentric being, Frederic! you have a singular taste! it is amazing to me that you could be so interested for strangers whom you never saw before.”

“ Those who had *seen* and *not* been *interested* for them, must, I am sure, have been *strangers* to *humanity*.”

Company coming in put an end to a conversation in which the Contessa and Duvalvin could not possibly agree, and the Conte could say but little; for, though his inclination might lead him to coincide with his nephew, he made it almost a general rule not to contradict the Contessa.

CHAP. IV.

Ill humour.

WHEN Di Rozezzi came home, he went immediately to the library, where he heard the Conte was, and had scarcely patience to answer the questions he asked concerning his tour, so much were his thoughts engaged by a report he had heard since his return to town. The Conte, surprised at his short replies and gloomy looks, said,

“What is the matter with you, Lorenzo? you seem to be in a very bad temper

temper—your excursion has not been agreeable to you, I imagine: tell me without reserve if any thing has happened to make you unhappy, my dear boy.”

“ I have been deceived! treated like a stranger by my family.”

“ How do you mean? explain yourself.”

“ Secret application has been made at court in behalf of Frederic—he is appointed secretary to the Prince, while I am neglected, or forgotten.”

“ You are dreaming, Lorenzo; no application has been made, nor have I heard of such an appointment; some-

body has imposed on you. I wish it were true, your turn would come next."

"Why not *first*? what right has Frederic to be promoted before me? he who is so little of the courtier.

"For that reason I should be most agreeably surprised to find the report true—nor have *you* any just cause for this displeasure; why are *you* to take the lead?"

"Pardon me, my Uncle, if I have expressed myself improperly—but the secrecy with which this affair has been conducted hurts me—why was I not told of your intention?"

"My intention was to send your
cousin

cousin to Tripoli with my brother in law ; *that* you knew of. As to his being made secretary to the Prince, it is an honour *I* never solicited, either publicly or privately, nor do I think he knows a word about his promotion, as he was talking to me not above half an hour ago about his voyage.”

“ That was his art, to convince you he is all obedience to your will, at the very time he has prevailed on the Marchesa del Urbino to use her own and her husband’s interest to obtain a post for him which will require his constant residence in Naples.”

“ And can you blame him? Surely *such* a post will be of much greater advantage to him than his African voyage. It

will also be of advantage to you, as it will give me a claim upon my Sovereign in regard to yourself, who have always been a greater favourite at court than Frederic."

" I know I have, and that provokes me! it is a flight which I cannot bear! a *public* flight!"

" You are simple to let it vex you; depend upon it that something *still* more honourable and more lucrative is in store for you."

" And what will you say to the Conte Severino?"

" There needs no apology to a courier, and a man of the world, about these
matters

matters—you seem as ignorant as if you were born but yesterday. Mind me, Lorenzo; if this affair be true, do not let mere childish envy make you blind to your own interest.—Your cousin's power will be great; he loves you, and I know he will exert himself in your behalf, if you do not proudly disdain the obligation.”

“ I scorn *his* love, and his exertions on my account. I scorn to be obligated to Frederic Duvalvin!”

“ Proud boy! who are *you*, who dare to scorn Duvalvin?”

“ The nephew of the Conte Pliantini.”

“ Duvalvin is *no less*—then why think yourself superior? Have *I* ever made a difference? If I had, the preference, in justice, must have been given to Frederic Duvalvin.”

“ Good Heaven! why so?”

“ No matter.—I have made you *equal*—ask no questions—Your Aunt’s too great partiality has spoiled you. Yet remember, you are no more than a dependant on my bounty.—Your cousin Frederic has provided nobly for himself, therefore I expect that you will behave well to him, and shew no envy at his good fortune.”

The Conte left the room. Lorenzo found he had been in an error in not
concealing

concealing the discontent that rankled in his heart—but it was impossible. He had played high, and been very unsuccessful; he came to town in an ill humour, and the first thing he heard from undoubted authority was Duvalvin's promotion, and that he and the Marchesa del Urbino had been continually together; and now his Uncle's behaviour added considerably to his hatred of poor Frederic, who had neither *sought* for, nor *knew* of his enviable appointment. Hearing Di Rozezzi's voice as he passed along the corridor, Duvalvin met him, and said,

“ You are welcome home, Lorenzo; I hope you have passed your time agreeably.”

“ I have had cursed ill luck at play, and of course am not come home in very good spirits; you know my temper.”

“ It is not very philosophical, to be sure, when you lose—yet I never see you elated when you win—you receive good fortune with great calmness—I am sorry any thing should have happened to imbitter your pleasure. If you have any pecuniary embarrassments I can assist you, for I have been remarkably successful since you were away.”

“ Where have you played?”

“ The Palazza del Urbino has been my *home*, and the Prince has had two parties to which I was invited.”

“ Yes,

“ Yes, I find the Prince chooses to have you always near him. I wish you joy of your appointment.”

“ I do not understand you.”

“ Why make a secret of what all the town knows? it is ridiculous.”

“ Be more *explicit*, Lorenzo.”

“ Be more ingenuous, Frederic.”

Marco brought a letter to Duvalvin, and said,

“ From the Prince, Signor.”

Duvalvin opened it, and as he read changed colour, then giving it to Lorenzo, said,

“ This explains your words.—You had heard, I suppose, of the honour intended me, to which, I assure you, I was myself a stranger till this moment.”

“ Once more I congratulate you on its confirmation.—You have the felicity of being a great favourite with his Highness, I find.”

“ I must go to him immediately, he says, and enter upon my new office.”

“ How happy you are to be so agreeably prevented from accompanying the Conte Severino.”

“ I *am* happy; it would be disingenuous to deny it; but I cannot imagine to whom I am indebted for the Prince's favour,
who,

who, I am sure would not have thought of me, unless I had been particularly recommended to him; for if he had wished to compliment the Conte Pliantini, these honours would have been conferred on *you*, who attended him so continually when he went to court, while *I* as continually incurred his displeasure by neglecting to pay my compliments."

" I must own *you* do not *deserve* your good fortune, for you have been a most indolent courtier.—I should hate to owe my honours to the recommendation of friends; if my merit be not conspicuous enough to be noticed, and rewarded by my Sovereign and his royal sons, without its being pointed out by my friends, may I remain *for ever* disregarded!"

“ And yet, Lorenzo, both experience and books tell us, that merit is overlooked in courts, and insignificance, (not to say vice,) well supported by powerful advocates, is carested; so you see I cannot have the vanity, according to my own argument, to assume the least self-consequente upon my promotion.”

“ Oh! you are all humility, Frederic! I give you credit for your extreme modesty, and will not detain you now to discuss the point. Adio, I leave you to dress; perhaps I shall see you at the Levee.”

CHAP. V.

Information.

Signora l'Abandoni, by whose interest with the Prince Duvalvin was appointed secretary, meant not to conceal the obligation, as she hoped it would give her an additional and strong claim on his love. Elated with her success, and the certainty of his staying in Naples, she received him with the most captivating gaiety. He heard her congratulations with pleasure; but when she said it was to *her* he owed the royal favour, a blush of shame succeeded the glow of exultation which

at

at first animated his naturally grave though expressive features.

His heart, that a moment before swelled with affection and gratitude for his Prince, now torn with the pangs of jealousy, loathed his favours; for he knew l'Abandoni too well to *doubt* the terms on which she obtained places and pensions for her more humble favourites.

Almost certain, notwithstanding his disavowal of it, that the Marchese del Urbino had been secretly the means of his appointment, he could not conceal the vexation he felt when he was undeceived by Corinna, who, mortified at the sudden change in his looks, dropped the hand she had taken, and threw herself on a sofa—her gaiety was checked,
and

and her soul chilled by the coldness of his manner. She concluded that jealousy had taken possession of his mind, and strove to banish it by the most endearing expressions; but finding those artful blandishments had no effect, she had recourse to tears and reproaches.

Duvalvin sat absorbed in the most cruel reflections; passion and honour struggled in his soul; he could not reconcile it to the former, to give up the enchanting Corinna, nor to the latter, to be the rival of his Prince, his friend and benefactor. One minute he would gaze on the weeping beauty with unabated ardour; the next, turn from her with disgust and hatred for those libertine principles which impelled her to be false to her royal lover, who had so readily and unsuspiciously

unfuspiciouſly complied with her requeſt in regard to himſelf; it was then that the delicate and ſenſible Duvalvin thought his honour would be ſullied if he had any farther connection with l'Abandoni.

The exaſperated fair one had, no longer patience with one who was grown ſo inſenſible to her charms, and who was alſo ſo ungrateful for the honours ſhe had procured for him; and finding that her tenderneſs only ſeemed to encrease his cold reſerve, ſhe aſſumed a haughty indifference, and calmly told him, that when he was in a more agreeable and grateful temper ſhe ſhould be glad to ſee him, but that at preſent ſhe muſt retire to dreſs for company whom ſhe expected, and, making him a *very formal* courtſey, ſhe left the room.

Duvalvin

Duvalvin quitted the house immediately, much more unhappy than he had entered it; and, determining never to return to it more, went home, and endeavoured to compose his ruffled mind by reading.

An elegant suite of apartments was prepared for the new secretary, by order of the Prince, in his own palazza. Envy and jealousy concealed themselves behind the veil of dissimulation, and paid their court to Duvalvin. He seemed surrounded by friends, rejoicing at his felicity in being the favourite of the Prince, who behaved to him with the most pointed partiality.

The Conte Piantini was too practised a courtier not to carefs affectionately
one

one who had the ear of royalty ; and the Contessa was polite to him in private, and in public she was proud of calling Frederic Duvalvin her nephew.

The cousins appeared to be united in the strictest friendship, they were inseparable companions, for Di Rozezzi rendered himself so agreeable, that Duvalvin, who loved him most sincerely, never made a party without him.

Marco, who imagined that he should be more despised at court than he had been even at the Castella di Pliantini, fixed his abode in the rural cottage of Signora Vinoni, where he had frequently the happiness of seeing his beloved master, and he preserved the privilege of making demands on a benevolence
which

which did honour to the increased fortune and power of the excellent Duvalvin.

L'Abandoni was now the acknowledged mistress of the Prince, whose renewed attachment flattered her vanity and in some measure compensated her for the loss of Duvalvin, at whose behaviour she was greatly piqued, for she saw that he assiduously avoided her, and she imputed to indifference a conduct which was the result of the noblest and most honourable principles.

One day as Di Rozezzi and Duvalvin were conversing together on the superb buildings which had fallen into ruins, Lorenzo said,

“ My

“ My Aunt has excited my curiosity greatly by recounting some particulars concerning the old Castella della Balza, which it seems was deserted by her grandfather, soon after the Conte di Rubini and his domestic vanished in a sudden and extraordinary manner one night when he was visiting there. His fortune, which was immense, did not vanish with him; it devolved to the Conte Severino, who, however, could not live in tranquillity at the Castella della Balza, after the disappearance of the unhappy Conte, as tremendous noises were heard in the caverns beneath it—caverns which, it seems, run quite under the rock against whose rugged side the Castella was built. The Contessa says, that her father often talked of examining the building, as he imagined
treasure

treasure might be concealed in it, but he was too superstitious to venture into the caverns."

" I think the present Conte Severino would venture to explore the subterraneous abodes, if it had ever entered his imagination that *treasure* was concealed there; he is too mercenary to be easily intimidated."

" My Aunt says that he did attempt to descend once, with several of his servants, but they were scared back again by supernatural, as they thought, and awful sounds; which sounds I suppose were nothing more than the sea dashing against the rock, or the wind howling through the chasms. I long to pay a visit to these haunted dungeons; will you
indulge

indulge my curiosity, and go with me in search of adventures beneath the old Castella?"

" I will attend you with pleasure, for I have only seen it through the trees at a distance.—My Uncle said it was not worth a closer inspection."

" My Uncle has imbibed some of the Severino superstition, I imagine. We, Frederic, have a little more fortitude, and dare venture to visit the Castella without encumbering ourselves with simple domestics, whose ignorant fears would only be an interruption to our contemplations. This evening we are both disengaged, and the moon will light us to it."

" But

“ But the moon will not light us in the dungeons, Lorenzo, we must have lanterns, matches, and phosphorus.”

“ Yes, yes, I will provide those things; and we will take our pistols also, lest we should be attacked by more substantial beings than those which are supposed to dwell in the Castella della Balza; though they say it has been cautiously avoided since the Conte Severino quitted it so precipitately.”

“ That poor Di Rubini, I fear, was murdered—the idea is dreadful! We shall not find him *alive* in the dungeon; I wish we could, but too many years have elapsed; he cannot exist *now*, Lorenzo.”

“ Certainly

“ Certainly not.—What a romantic thought! If he did exist, Severino would not thank us for introducing him into the world—he would not like to refund great part of his possessions to his long lost relative.—Frederic, if you have the least objection to my proposal, tell me freely. *I have no fears, and will wander through the ruins by myself, though certainly I should like to have your company.*”

“ My dear Lorenzo, it will be a great pleasure to me to go with you. You know that I was always very curious, and have descended many a dangerous, antique staircase, while *you* have staid *at the top* laughing at me. In this unexplored spot we may spend some hours in contemplating the awful devastations
of

of time.—I thought we had visited every remains of ancient grandeur, both in Naples and Sicily, and perhaps we may find this unregarded Castella della Balza more worthy observation than many of the ruins noticed by all the travelling virtuosi.”

“ I hope it will gratify our expectations. As it is not above two miles distant, we can walk—do you meet me at the pavilion in our grove, where I will have every thing ready which it is necessary to take with us; we will set out at eleven.”

“ I will be exact to the time.”

Di Rozezzi took his leave of Duvalvin, who was happy to find such an

agreeable change in his cousin's behaviour; the gloomy reserve which had so long clouded the temper of Lorenzo, now gave place to a cheerful and affectionate confidence. Duvalvin was no stranger to his heart; he knew that self-interest was its prevailing principle, and that when *that* was concerned, he could assume any character he pleased, so perfect was Di Rozezzi in the art of dissimulation.—Yet, whether he now thought that Duvalvin's influence at court would be of advantage to him, or that his removal from the Castella di Pliantini gave him pleasure, was equally indifferent to the generous Frederic, who searched not too deeply for the *cause*; the *effect* delighted him, and he resolved, if possible, to preserve the affection of Lorenzo di Rozezzi.

CHAP. VI.

The Castella della Balza.

AT the time appointed Duvalvin and Di Rozezzi met in the pavilion, and proceeded to the Castella della Balza. The moon was unclouded, the stars brilliant, and Nature adorned their path with her richest beauties.

They soon found themselves in a thick wood, and, as they turned into a regular vista, they perceived that it was terminated by a rock of granite; various blossomed trees and aromatic shrubs

seemed to spring from its rugged sides, for the irregular points sheltered the earth in which they were planted, and formed a fence for those blooming ornaments of the rock.

Its base was covered with fragments of the building it was designed to support; only *one* solitary tower reared its moss-covered battlements above the lofty summit. Frederic and Lorenzo waded through weeds that sprang amidst the rubbish, and found no impediment to the entering an apartment surrounded with pillars of white marble; no glass remained to dim the light of the moon, which shone with splendor through the windows, and discovered a door; as *all* its fastenings were rusted away, it opened at a touch, and they found themselves

at

at the foot of a staircase, so much decayed that they were obliged to give up all hopes of visiting the upper apartments.

Lorenzo, to his great joy, after a short examination, perceived another door, which opened on a narrow flight of steps, scarcely injured by time; they descended these, and found them steep and winding; when they were at the bottom they lighted their lanterns, and were surprised to find themselves in an immense vaulted apartment, without a single aperture to admit the light; a strong iron door had formerly terminated the staircase, but it was fallen from the hinges, and lay upon the floor, which was of black marble—columns of the same supported the arched roof.

A few articles of decayed furniture stood at one end of this gloomy place, and mouldering cords and chains, corroded by rust, lay scattered about. In a remote corner, behind one of the columns, Lorenzo saw a door, strengthened by a checquer-work of brass, and fastened with thick bars and bolts, which neither time nor damp had rendered useless; Duvalvin started when he beheld it, and said,

“ The place we are in has the dreary appearance of a dungeon, and yet this door, so well secured, will lead to some place still more horrid—I dread to open it!”

“ Do not let your courage fail you, Frederic; what can you see beyond this
door

door more terrible than the harmless bones of those unhappy wretches who have been imprisoned there—or, most likely, *this* was their sad prison, *that* their tomb.—We will see—”

Lorenzo unbarred the door without much difficulty or noise—it swung slowly and *silently* on its immense hinges over a dark and deep chasm in which were stone stairs, almost perpendicular, which they descended carefully; another door, similar to that on the top, impeded their way, but which was opened also with great ease by Di Rozezzi, to whom Duvalvin said with surprise,

“ These doors appear to have been frequently opened, and *recently*—the bolts were drawn back, and the hinges

E 4

turned

turned without noise or grating—perhaps smuggler's or a banditti resort here."

"O no! observe how well these doors are sheltered from the damp by this thick, dry wall —In what dismal place are we buried now?"

"This rude, unpaved cavern, Lorenzo, seems to lead to many a dark recess—sepulchres perhaps—the earthy, or rather sandy floor, is very wet and cold—we must not stay here long—let us examine it quickly."

"Come on then, and let us seek a dryer place to rest ourselves—for I am curfedly fatigued—and so are *you* I imagine, Frederic, are you not?"

"A little—

“ A little—but this is no *very tempting* chamber to repose ourselves in—where are you, Lorenzo ?”

“ Here, here Frederic—come on—behold, I have found a stone seat—Thank Heaven! for upon my soul I can wander no farther without some refreshment.”

“ And *where* are we to get any ?”

“ I have taken care to provide myself with some cakes and a cordial—let us regale ourselves before we explore these subterraneous regions.”

Lorenzo produced a flask and some cakes, and they enjoyed their repast as well as their gloomy situation would let them.

The cordial was very potent; Di Rozezzi complained of being sleepy—Duvallin was unable to support himself, he lay down and slept profoundly.

When he awakened his senses were confused—it was some time before he could recollect where he was—no feeble ray gleamed in his chamber, the lamp in his lantern had expired, and he found himself in total darkness.

He called Lorenzo, but received no answer—his *own* voice *alone* echoed through the caverns—he lighted a phosphorus match, and looked around for Di Rozezzi!--he was not there! Duvallin was too sensible to give way to needless apprehensions; he carefully re-illuminated the lamp which was in his lantern,

tern, and went in search of Di Rozezzi—he soon found the door by which they entered; it was shut—he pulled it with all his strength, but the fatal door was closed, and all his attempts to open it were vain.—As he turned from it, he exclaimed,

“ What can be the meaning of this! Lorenzo is not of a playful disposition, or I should suppose that he had fastened the door to surprise me—no—I fear!—*what do I fear!* Can the companion of my youth be a treacherous enemy?—no, no—it is *impossible*——What is the time?—I wound up my watch just after we entered this place—it has stopped—Ah! it wants winding again!—the hand points to *six*! O God! have I slept eighteen hours!—Laudanum was in that

E 6

fatal

fatal cordial, and Di Rozezzi has closed the door on me for ever! Cruel fate! how have I deserved it? This glimmering lamp will soon be extinguished, and I must pass the agonizing hours which remain of my existence in total darkness. —Horror is in that thought! no, I will not wait the pangs of a lingering death—this dagger——Merciful God! forgive—*forgive* the rash—the *momentary* idea—it is *past*.—Creator of the World! my life is *thine*, and if it be thy will that I must end it painfully and slowly *here*, oh! give me courage to endure my fate; and, as I shall be secluded here from every sacred rite of our holy faith, may humble resignation to thy divine will purify my soul, and obtain thy mercy.—It is dreadful—*very dreadful!* to be denied the tender soothing of friendship,
and

and the sacred offices of religion, in the *last agonies*—the *last awful* moments.—Inhuman Di Rocezzi! Yet—I will be calm—and before this feeble flame expires I will examine my dreary sepulchre.”

Duvalvin regained his rugged couch, near to which, upon a projection of the rock, lay some cakes, and the flask about half full of the cordial, which he imagined, if taken in small quantities, might sustain life for a short time, and afford him a transitory forgetfulness of his melancholy situation; he found also a sufficient quantity of spirit of wine to replenish his little lamp several times, and he was well supplied with matches and phosphorus.

For

For these blessings, for *such* they were to him in his forlorn state, he lifted up his fine expressive eyes in grateful thanks to Heaven—they penetrated the dungeon's flinty roof, and beheld a Benign Power, who would preserve his life, or cheer his soul in the gloomy regions of death with the glorious expectation of a blissful eternity.

CHAP. VII.

The Dungeon explored.

FOR some time Duvalvin sat absorbed in meditation; his soul had taken a sublime flight, and roved through visionary scenes of celestial felicity—it seemed to return inspired with new fortitude, and he said calmly,

“ A little longer, my *soul*, must thou be confined to this mortal frame, and endure *unnaturally* the horrors of the *grave*! yet *here* mayest thou prove thy divine origin, and overcome despair.—

This

This dungeon appears to be extensive, I will endeavour to divert my thoughts awhile by taking a survey of it."

When he arose, he perceived the stone on which he had been sitting to be loose; he lifted it up, and in a hollow beneath lay the mouldering remains of a human form. He started from the ghastly sight, and letting go the stone it fell down with a noise which resounded through the caverns like loud and dismal sighs; Duvalvin stood appalled at the awful sound; the echoes died away, and were succeeded by a profound and solemn silence.—He took up his lamp and entered another cell—chains lay upon the ground—he examined them—they were linked to a strong iron ring fixed in the wall, and formed to confine the
limbs

limbs to the ground—he threw them from him, and the dreadful clank of chains was repeated from every hollow of the dreary vault. Duvalvin exclaimed,

“ Terrific echoes! I seem surrounded by prisoners more wretched than myself, who shake their cruel chains in all the agony of wild despair—thank Heaven, it is only a delusive sound—I have no companions in my miserable state—the frame these fetters once confined reposes in yonder rude sepulchre—I have beheld it! Oh! may the soul which animated it be now enjoying perfect bliss!”

As Duvalvin turned towards another recess, at some distance from that in which he had seen the chains, he was greatly surprised to see a man sitting at
the

the upper end—he spoke—no answer was returned—he went up to him, and beheld the ghastly face of death! a broad iron collar, fastened to the wall, supported the fallen jaw—the right arm and leg were fettered, and chained to the ground, on which something reflected the feeble rays of the lamp—it was a ring of value, which still encircled the perished finger.

A pocket-book wrought with gold had fallen from the decayed habit—Duvalvin took it up, and found it contained letters and papers, which mouldered away at the touch; on the book was legibly engraved, “Micheli Conte di Rubini.” Duvalvin gazing with pity on the unfortunate Conte, said,

“ Let

“ Let me not complain ! this awful spectacle silently preaches patience to me—yes, most unfortunate Di Rubini, I will think of *your* sufferings, and endure *my own* with fortitude—That collar ! these accursed manacles rankled your tender flesh !—your aching head was denied, even in the agonies of death, denied the wretched solace of a cold, earthy pillow ! Inhuman monster ! who could doom you, thus painfully fettered, to meet the pangs of death ! yet, perhaps, in those pangs *you*, Di Rubini, forgave your cruel enemy—I will not curse him—*no*, Heaven is just ! the tormentor and the tormented have met with retribution—Di Rozezzi, you have been kind ! I pardon you—yes—*from my soul* I pardon you—poor Di Rubini’s fettered form pleads for you—it bids me thank you for
my

my freedom—had you chained me to the ground—Oh! God! Nature shudders at the thought—”

Duvalvin observed a broad, flat stone in this recess, similar to that on which he had slept, the cavity beneath was empty. He disengaged the mouldering bones from the iron shackles, and laid them decently in the tomb which he imagined had been prepared for them, he covered them with the rotten fragments of apparel which had fallen from the skeleton when he removed it.

The ring, pocket book, an elegant repeater, and some pistoles, Duvalvin took into his own possession, though he thought they would be as useless to him as they were to their original owner.

When

When he had deposited the remains of the Conte di Rubini, he knelt down by them, and repeated most devoutly all that he could recollect of the office for the dead; he added some pious and ardent ejaculations, both for the soul of the departed and for *himself*. This sacred duty performed, he felt that serenity of soul which always attends conscious rectitude, and searching farther, his way was rather impeded by large fragments of the rock which had fallen in; he climbed over them, and found himself in a cave beautifully ornamented by nature with branching coral, red and white, various sorts of sea-weeds and moss, which hung between the pointed granite; for some minutes Duvalvin forgot he was a prisoner, and contemplated with pleasure this little retreat; and though
soon

soon painful reflection drew a heavy sigh from his bosom, he was pleased to find himself in a place so unlike the gloomy caverns of death which he had just left, and determined to make it his apartment during the short period of his existence, for *short* he knew it must be with such scanty means to support it—yet he did not give way to despair.

Levelling the rubbish which lay at the bottom of his little grotto as well as he could, he formed a kind of couch, and being very much fatigued, he took a small quantity of his cordial, and laid himself down to rest, fearless and composed. During several hours calm repose his soul was cheered by pleasing dreams, and he awakened refreshed and tranquil; but no enlivening sun-beams could

could penetrate his dark abode, no meal was prepared to satisfy his craving appetite!—He looked at his three little cakes and his almost empty flask, a sick qualm came over his stomach; his eyes grew dim—he covered them with his hand, and sat down upon his couch for some minutes—then calmly said,

That pang is past—Heaven give me patience to endure those feverer ones which are to come! my fate is fixed! I cannot fly from it—here I am doomed to starve. Oh! Di Rubini! and you his hapless fellow sufferer! I will reflect on your superior torments, and bear my own with fortitude. Oh! blessed spirits, sustain my soul in the sad, lingering struggle of youthful strength and meagre famine! While this firm flesh is wasting from my
bones

bones—while my strong nerves slowly relax to helpless impotency—while reason weakens as the frame decays, *sustain* my soul! Oh! guard my hands from frantic deeds! my lips from words which would disgrace a Christian!—

“ Cruel Lorenzo! I am the wretched victim of your envy! Royal favour has led to my destruction! yet—I would not exchange this my sad sepulchre, where, without sustenance and cheering light, I must remain a prey to famine, for all the blessings enjoyed by *you*, inhuman Di Rozezzi! Did I say *enjoyed*? Oh no!—the pangs of guilt forbid enjoyment—and you may be *envious* of me still, for even *starving* here, I can enjoy calm peace of mind, and look beyond these rugged walls for happiness. Treacherous

rous Lorenzo! where are your calm, peaceful moments to be found? and where, *where* can *you* search for happiness! Lorenzo, I pity and forgive you. The world will think you guiltless of my death—yet may your strong remembrance of the crime bend your proud heart to humble penitence—that Heaven may pardon you as freely as the injured Duvalvin——Oh! my head!—this dizziness!—hunger—thirst—I must endure them—this last—*last* morsel will sustain me a little longer.—It has revived me! I will exert myself.—This little grōtto is near the sea—I hear the dashing waves above me—while I have strength to move I will look farther.”

He recruited his lamp—and climbing over hillocks of the fallen earth and gra-

nite, found he had ascended above the waves ; and perceiving that some projecting points of the rock slanted upwards, and formed irregular steps, inspired with a faint degree of hope, Duvalvin set his lamp in a secure place, and ascended between the stones ; in some parts he felt only hardened earth, and, recollecting that shrubs grew in several hollows of the rock, he thought it might be possible to penetrate it ; elated with this idea, he took up a sharp stone which lay among the rubbish, and in a short time had broken away a considerable quantity of earth, and part of a root which adhered to it—this gave him courage ; his dagger assisted him till he was nearly overwhelmed with earth and stones, which luckily were not of magnitude sufficient to injure him *materially*,
and

and he was amply repaid for the bruises he received, by feeling the fresh breezes from the sea, and beholding the stars.

After gazing on them for some minutes in grateful rapture, he looked down into the cavern, it was totally dark—his lantern having been crushed beneath the rubbish.

The loosened particles still gave way as he attempted to get through the aperture, and he had with difficulty saved himself several times from falling back into his abode of horror; at last, by extending his arms as far as he was able, he grasped the pointed stones with all his strength; they were firm; he ascended through the chasm he had made, and found himself hanging over the sea from

a projecting point of the rock ; behind him were the strong remains of a lofty wall ; on his right hand stood the moss-covered tower, which seemed to bend over the waves ; on his left hand the rock was perpendicular—he had no alternative—to throw himself into the sea was the only chance he had of preserving his life. A boat floated at a little distance which the tide had set adrift ; to this he hoped he could swim, and without hesitation plunged into the waves.

He gained the boat, and, quite exhausted with fatigue, threw himself upon some nets which lay at the bottom, and, unable to make use of the oars, trusted himself to the care of wind and tide. The pain of his bruises, and the want of food nearly deprived him of sense and motion.

Giddy and sick at heart, he knew not how long he had remained in the boat which glided swiftly over the waves, when he perceived it was near a vessel. Some sailors stood upon the deck—the sun was rising, and he thought they looked like Englishmen—He called to them in that language, and entreated them to save his life—they immediately threw a rope into the boat, which he twisted round his arm, and held it as tight as his weak state would let him. The sailors drew the boat close to the vessel, and seeing that he was unable to stand, two of them descended the ship, and securing the rope around him, lifted him gently up, and those upon deck drew him on board.

When they unloosed the cord, he fell

apparently lifeless.—The Captain ordered him to be undressed and put to bed; he assisted to perform the charitable office, and found by his dress, and the valuables in his pockets, that his new passenger was above the common rank of life, but *that* had no influence on the truly humane mind of Captain Morton, whose benevolence would have been equally exerted in the preservation of the poorest of his fellow creatures.

CHAP. VIII.

The Hibernia.

WHEN Duvalvin came a little to himself, he beheld two respectably looking men standing by the side of the bed, and regarding him with compassion, Captain Morton said,

“ Heaven and St. Patrick be praised, he lives! the dear young man! Now, my good Obrien, do what you can to set the lad upon his legs again, that he may pray for us both all the days of his life.”

Duvalvin, thankful for his perfect knowledge of the English language, said, in a voice scarcely to be heard from excessive weakness,

“ I thank you, Gentlemen, for the kindness you have shewn to me—I have been confined by a treacherous and jealous friend in a dungeon—where I must have perished for want of sustenance if I had not miraculously forced my way through a decaying rock into the sea.— If I die——”

“ No, by Saint Patrick, you shall not die! now you can speak to us once more, my good friend Doctor Obrien will repair you in a crack, and make you ready to sail into the port of life with flying colours—no matter for lying in
dock

dock awhile, he'll soon set you off again in a smooth sea and a safe gale, my dear boy!"

Duvalvin sighed deeply——Doctor O'Brien said,

"Courage, my dear Sir! rest and nourishment will restore you in a very short time to perfect health.—I have examined your bruises, and can assure you that no serious consequences will attend them; a simple fomentation which I have ordered to be prepared will alleviate the pain you now feel from them. As your indisposition proceeds from want of food, we must act cautiously; a cordial medicine and some weak broth are all your weak stomach can bear at present."

“ Give me *no laudanum*, Doctor—I have already had too much ! and slept—I know not how long !”

“ Fear not, Sir—I will give youth and nature leave to act for themselves. Is your constitution good !”

“ I scarcely know what illness is.”

“ Then the Devil fly away with his black foul !” says Donnel Morton, “ who could be after teaching you what it is by giving you a d—d hard lesson of starvation in a dark dungeon ! by my troth, and it was well for you that the rock was softer than his heart.”

“ Captain, my patient must not talk, he must be kept very quiet, and in a day

or

or two he will be able to converse cheerfully with us. You sigh, my dear Sir! if possible, remove from your mind every unpleasant idea—think only of your providential escape from a lingering death, and that you are now with friends who will do all in their power to render you happy.”

Duvalvin's eyes retained their expression, though they had lost their lustre—he looked his grateful thanks for the friendly behaviour of the two Gentlemen, who perfectly understood that silent language of the heart.

He continued in a very languid state for several days—he could not *think*; his ideas were confused and unconnected, and when the Captain asked if he should

put him on shore, and send for his friends,
he replied,

“ No—no—bear me far from Italy—
for *there* death will meet me—Lorenzo
will complete his cruelty.—I am too
weak to struggle with him *now* as I did
when *his* dagger was fixed in *my* bosom—
by his *own* hand, Sir, I have no *doubts*
now—no, no, the dungeon has *convinced*
me. Do not put me in his power, for
he would take advantage of my feeble
state, and destroy me.”

“ The devil burn me if he shall—no,
no, if he was to be after seeking for you
on board my good ship the Hibernia, I’d
give him as pretty a whirl down to the
bottom of the sea as ever he had in all
his life before. Thank God and Saint
Patrick,

Patrick, my dear fellow, you have had the good luck to escape his daggers and dungeons; curse him! here you are safe and well, setting aside a few bruises and a little fever, and safely shall the Hibernia carry you to dear little Ireland, where every man will be your brother, and every dwelling, from the cabin to the castle, will be your native home. Yes, the Hibernians are as hospitable as they are brave; their generous hearts are open to receive the oppressed with affection, but, by Saint Patrick! their nervous arms will *crush* the oppressor whenever he dare shew himself."

The latter part of this speech was lost upon Duvalvin, who had fallen into a doze, and the humane Hibernian gently closed the little curtains, and crept softly away.

The

The great care of Doctor Obrien, and an excellent constitution soon enabled Duvalvin to enjoy the conversation of his kind friends. The Captain uttered the sentiments of an honest heart, glowing with urbanity, but unadorned by education or polished manners. Doctor Obrien was liberally endued by nature with every amiable quality of mind and person, and to a perfect knowledge of the belles lettres and polite arts, he added that of the world, having resided long enough in the principal courts of Europe to form a just opinion of the countries and inhabitants, unbiassed by that illiberal contractor of the mind, national prejudice. Doctor Obrien's soul was above the narrow idea that Ireland must be the most perfect spot in the universe, because *he* drew his first breath in it ;
or

or the *still narrower*, that Heaven would reject all mankind except those who professed the faith in which *he* had been baptized.

Souls so congenial as his and Duvalvin's were soon united by the strictest friendship, though not the strictest *confidence* on the side of Duvalvin, whose honour compelled him to conceal the disgrace Di Rozezzi's conduct reflected on his family; trusting therefore to his knowledge of the English tongue, he chose to pass for the son of an Englishman whose small fortune obliged him to seek an asylum in Italy; but now, he said, having lost his parents, he wished to make himself known to some relations whom he had in England, and he desired the Captain to put him on shore opposite
the

the coast of Dublin, that he might have the longer time to enjoy the conversation of friends who had been so very kind to him.

Knowing that if he went back to Naples he must either take away the life of Di Rozezzi or expose his own, Duvalvin determined to trust for a while to his talents for a maintenance, and take time to consider how he should preserve his life, and the honor of his family. England he knew was hospitable to emigrants, who had been obliged to maintain themselves by the elegant acquirements their happier days bestowed. He knew himself to be a proficient in classic knowledge, in *four* living languages, and in the more ornamental branches of education: with these endowments he
was

was well assured he should not starve in a liberal country, but promised Doctor Obrien and Captain Morton that he would immediately pay them a visit in Ireland if he did not meet with an agreeable reception from his friends in Great Britain.

The open, generous heart of Duvalvin was not formed to deceive, yet in the present case, he thought deception necessary; and not being naturally loquacious, made the task he had imposed upon himself the less difficult. He assumed the name of Fitz-Alvin, and thought he paid a little respect to his paternal appellation by preserving the five last letters in their proper situation, with a Norman addition by no means inapplicable, yet the alteration was so great
that

that his nearest relations could not recognize it.

Doctor Obrien said to him one day :
“ As we cannot prevail on you to accompany us to Ireland, will you let me have the honour of introducing you by a few lines to a Welch Baronet of immense fortune in Caernarvonshire? He was in Dublin for some time, and honoured me with his friendship.”

“ You are very kind, Doctor, *very* kind! I shall be proud of your recommendation—Though I am almost a stranger to you—yet, my good friend, the man whose life, next to Heaven, *you* have preserved, will not disgrace you.—I am *unfortunate*, but not, I think, *culpable*.”

“ I will

“ I will be sworn you are not! I have preserved a *valuable* life, and Heaven will, I most sincerely hope, render it a *happy* one. I cannot give you an exact direction to Sir Llewellyn Llanmere’s but I have heard him say that his castle has a fine view of the sea, and stands about six miles on this side Caernarvon—he prides himself in his hospitality, and appeared to be an amiable man; but he was on a visit at Lord D——’s, and people are not always so agreeable at home as they are abroad—however, Llanmere castle will certainly be a more convenient residence than an inn, for a few days, and my letter will insure you a polite reception from Sir Llewellyn.”

“ And if,” said the Captain, “ the Welch Baronet and your relations in
England

England don't behave to please you, Mr. Fitz-Alvin, come immediately to Dublin, and you shall have as brave a welcome from Donnel Morton as ever you had from your own father, my dear boy! Lucky was the hour that I took you in tow, and saved you from going to the bottom like a wrecked vessel, by my soul, and it gives me more delight than all the success I have had in my voyage to Turkey, and that has been as good as my heart can wish.—If we were not to part company, I should sail into the bay with a heart as light as a cork, and I'd introduce you to my own dear Rosy, who is as lovely a woman as ever you clapped your two eyes upon, and she has given me four tight limbed, curly pated little fellows—Oh! by my troth! it makes my heart leap in my bosom to
think

think how Rosy and my boys will be after clinging around me just now.—Obrien—Fitz-Alvin—get married, my dear fellows, and learn what it is to be a husband and a father!”

The affectionate Morton passed his hand across his eyes, to sweep away the tears of joy which sprang into them at the fond idea of conjugal and paternal bliss; then continued,

“Faith, and you may well be after laughing now, to behold a fellow of six feet high as big a baby as his little William Morton, who will be no more than two years old next anniversary of the glorious battle of the Boyne—but no matter for that, my boys, were I as big as Goliath himself, I should never be ashamed
of

of the feelings of a man, nor of the honest drops which proclaim them."

" You have reason to *glory* in them, my dear Captain Morton. I respect—I *love* you for such tendernefs—the bravest *heroes* are, in general, the most affectionate *men*. I hope that I shall soon have it in my power to see you happily surrounded by your charming family; and I flatter myself also that I shall again enjoy the happiness of your conversation, my good Doctor Obrien, either in Ireland or England.—I am sorry that necessity obliges me to part from you, my amiable and *kind* friends—I shall always think of you *both* with the warmest friendship and the sincerest gratitude."

The going to Ireland with the worthy Morton and the accomplished Obrien would have been extremely agreeable to Duvalvin, could he have made them liberal amends for the hospitality he knew he should receive from them, and he thought himself already under too many obligations to them both to intrude any farther on their benevolence. Besides the valuables which he had found about the unfortunate Di Rubini, he had a ring and watch of his own, both very elegant, which he presented to the Captain and Doctor, but they very genteelly declined accepting them, telling him, that when he was established to his satisfaction they would gladly accept any tokens of his regard, but that *now* in a strange country he could not know what money he might stand in need of before
he

he received any remittances. Duvalvin felt the force of their arguments—he *felt* also *very severely* the change in his situation—precipitated from state and affluence to seek his fortune among strangers, for he well knew that the property he had about him would soon be exhausted. As he was destitute of even common necessities, Doctor Obrien had supplied him with a genteel suit of clothes, his own having been spoiled by the sea, a sufficient change of linen, and every other article of apparel which he stood in immediate need of. When the boat was ready to take him to the coast of Wales, he took a hand of each good friend, and said,

“ My *generous preservers!* when next we meet I may be able, perhaps, to discharge

charge a *small part* of the obligations I am under to you—there are *some* which *Heaven alone* can repay—May *that Heaven* for ever protect and bless you, my dear Captain Morton!”

Duvalvin leaped into the boat—Doctor Obrien accompanied him to the shore, on which Duvalvin stood until he beheld that amiable friend reascend the side of the Hibernia.

CHAP. IX.

Little Owen.

As all the houses of public resort near the coast were crowded with sailors and fishermen, who seemed regaling and indulging in noisy mirth after the fatigues of the day, Duvalvin passed by them, and determined to proceed immediately to Llanmere Castle; he enquired his way of an old man, who directed him over hills and through vallies, shewing him at the same time the castle's lofty towers now brightly illuminated by the glowing beams of the setting sun.

Pleased

Pleased at seeing it so near, he thanked his director, and took the way the good man pointed to ; and though accustomed to the majestic views of Italy, Duvalvin was delighted with the romantic beauties which surrounded him.

The goats hung upon the craggy cliffs, taking their evening repast from the verdant tufts which sprung in wild luxuriance, and afforded plentiful pasturage for the shaggy mountaineers, while numerous flocks and herds were grazing in the fertile valley beneath, or sipping refreshing beverage from a transparent rivulet, which, after foaming down the rugged side of the cliff, crept silently along the flowery meadows.

Here and there upon the summit of a

lofty mountain stood the remains of a majestic building, which, discovering the deep crimson of the western sky through every chasm, had an awful yet grand effect, and formed a fine contrast to the complete grandeur, glittering vanes, and illuminated windows of Llanmere Castle, which seemed to look proudly down upon the humble cottages in the vale, while the impregnable walls and perfect battlements of this ancient and venerable pile maintained their pristine strength and beauty in defiance to destructive time: yet to Duvalvin's eyes, wearied with gazing on it, this elegant structure appeared but "the baseless fabric of a vision;" for sometimes it seemed to recede as he approached, and at others vanished entirely from his sight, owing to the intricate windings of the vallies and
the

the irregularity of the cliffs among which he wandered.

He travelled on without knowing which road to take; he beheld the blush of evening fade gradually away; the surrounding prospect was enveloped in a misty veil, until the rising moon cast a pale but cheering lustre over the variegated scene. As he paused to consider his way, he heard a woman's voice calling in apparent anxiety,

“ Owen, my Chilt, my own tear poy! where pe'est thou? To't not hear thy own mother Gwyneth Aprice? Owen! my tarling poy Owen!”

“ Here hur pe, here hur pe upon the mountain—See, Mother, here pe little

Owen—Tatty pit hur run to pring home a stray't kit—ant hur have pring't it home to kit's own poor mam—yes—ant Owen will come to *hur* own tear mam too, as fast as hur little legs can climp town a mountain.”

“ Cot Almighty pless hur tear little tongue! it is Gwyneth's own tear Owen! Take care how her climpest town, tear papy.”

Duvalvin beheld a neat woman standing at the foot of a wooden bridge, and the little boy descending the side of a mountain opposite with the agility of a kid, until unfortunately laying hold of a shrub which grew at the side, the weak branch broke, and the poor little fellow rolled down into the river. The shrieking

ing mother was going to plunge into the stream after her child, when Duvalvin caught her in his arms, and said,

“ Dear woman, be not so rash! I will preserve your son.”

He then hastily threw off his coat, and leaped into the stream, while the poor mother knelt on the brink, wringing her hands in silent agony, until she beheld Duvalvin swimming towards her with the child in one hand. She stretched out her arms to receive him, and exclaimed with faltering anxiety.

“ Cot’s own coot angel! Have hur savet hur Owen! lives hur—lives my chilt?”

“ He lives! he had scarcely lost his breath when I found him. Here is your son perfectly safe.”

“ My Owen! my poy! my wet, colt poy! Come to her mam’s own bosom ant hur will warm hur to life. Cot in Heaven and coot Saint Tazit pless hur tear Honor for saving hur tear papy.—The prayers ant the plessings of Gwyneth and Watkyn Aprice will attent you for ever and ever for preserving their Owen. Now come ant pe triet, ant go into a warm pet, ant have some sheese ant preat ant putter, ant trink some coat’s milk or coot ale.—Come, tear pleffet Shentleman, to Gwyneth’s cot; it pe homely, to be sure, put it be clean and neat.”

“ You

“ You are very kind—but I hope that I am not far from Llanmere Castle, where I wish to sleep. Heaven blefs you, my good woman! and preserve this dear child to be a blessing to you and your husband!”

“ Ant Cot fave ant plefs hur coot Honor, ant sent hur a coot walk over the mountain, ant a happy meeting with all hur coot frients at Llanmere Castle; ant plefs hur sweet eyes with a sight of the tear, peautiful, coot Laty of Llanmere.”

“ Has Sir Llewellyn Llanmere a wife?”

“ O no! not a *wife*, put hur has a *taught*er, plefs hur heart! like Cot Al-

mighty's own coot angel troppet from heaven, for hur coes apout ant apout toing a teal of coot to every potty in tistrefs.—This tear chilt be her cot-son, ant you have savet hur tear life for hur Honor, ant hur Honor will ples you for it. O what a pretty little mait hur was when hur pecket and prayet to Sir Llewellyn to let her pe cotmother to Gwyneth's little papy, cause so pe Sir Llewellyn hur own self ftoot cotfather for the first poy. Ah! ples hur tear laty! hur was a peautiful little mait, not a *creat* teal picker then Owen pe just now.—There, peholt hur Watkyn's cottage ayont the cliff, if so pe hur Honor will come ant try hur clothes a pit, and rest hursel, or pite all night, shall have a coot pet.”

“ Have

“ Have you a bed to *spare*, my good Gwyneth?”

“ Yes, fure! Gwyneth and Watkyn will sit up all night, ant pless hur Honor for saving little Owen from peing trown-tet teat in the river.”

Duvalvin was hesitating in his own mind whether it would not be more adviseable to stay all night at the cottage than to proceed on his way to the Castle; but the hearing that Gwyneth and her husband must sit up all night if they accommodated him with a bed, made him at once decide to walk on.

Gwyneth gave him an exact direction, and then dropping on her knees before him, pressed his hand fervently to her
c 6 lips,

lips, and prayed that Heaven might bless and protect him. The little Owen also knelt by her side, and clasping his hands said,

“Coot Cot Almighty pless hur tear soul ant potty for fetching poor little Owen out of the water, ant pringing hur safe to hur own tear mam! What pe hur name, Shentleman, that Owen may pray for hur when hur coes to pet ant when hur kets up, as her toes for tatty ant mam, and prother, ant tear coot cot-mother—What pe hur name to tell Cot Almighty?”

“Fitz-Alvin, my sweet innocent,” replied Duvalvin, fondly pressing the grateful child to his bosom, and then promising to see him soon again, he took his
leave,

leave, and turning into a narrow, sandy path between two high cliffs, he entirely lost sight of Ilanmere Castle, and found his way extremely disagreeable, as the sand adhered to his wet shoes and stockings, and made them very heavy and uncomfortable; yet the having preserved the life of a child, and saved a mother's soul the agonizing pang of seeing her infant perish, enlivened his benevolent heart, and he bore the inconvenience he felt in consequence of the humane deed with cheerfulness.

Long had he toiled through the narrow, winding road, when to his surprise and vexation he found it terminated by a dark cavern, which he had no inclination to explore, and as Gwyneth had not mentioned a cavern, he concluded that
he

he must have missed a very narrow path up the cliff which she had told him led immediately to Llanmere Grove.

CHAP. X.

The Bard of Llanmere.

WHILE Duvalvin stood at the entrance of the cavern considering what he should do, he heard, seemingly in the air, the most harmonious strains; he looked up in astonishment, and beheld on the summit of a high cliff a venerable form playing on a harp—his temples were bound by a verdant wreath—a light grey robe was fastened around his waist by a girdle of green—his silver hair and beard, waving on the breeze, glittered

as

as the moon shone full upon them, and as he struck the golden strings of his harp, they also sparkled with reflected lustre.

Duvalvin gazed on the reverend figure with wonder, and listened to the celestial sounds with admiration; the aerial height from whence they came—the Druid form that played them, made him almost imagine that one of those ancient bards had descended from his heavenly abode to visit his native rock: he lightly climbed its rugged side, and concealed himself behind some shrubs from the venerable minstrel, who had ceased playing, and seemed to contemplate the beautiful scenery which surrounded him.

The

The cliff, adorned with various aromatic flowering shrubs, gradually descended to an extensive valley richly diversified. On one hand, beyond a broad and clear lake, arose a hanging wood of majestic trees; on the other, beneath an almost perpendicular rock, lay the sea, and in full front stood Llanmere Castle.

While Duvalvin was admiring the noble structure and its romantic environs, the minstrel again struck the chords of his harp, and Duvalvin heard the following ode sung clearly and emphatically by

THE

THE BARD OF LLANMERE.



The rude winds rest within their caves!

Softly flow the briny waves ;

Softly, while the sea-nymphs play ;

Beneath the liquid glass are seen,

Gemm'd by Luna's brilliant ray,

Their tresses green ;

O'er coral beds they sweep,

In wavy radiance bright,

Decking the chambers of the deep

With heavenly light.

Now, Fancy, leave the deep, and fly

To yonder star-bespangled sky,

Where lov'd Cadwallo sings,

And Hoel strikes the golden strings

To strains sublime !

Ah ! when shall Morven join the choir,

When quit this feeble lyre ?

Blanch'd by time.

Like meteors stream my hair and beard,

Yet *still* my harp and song are heard.

When

When ice-crown'd Winter reigns,
And Knights carouse in Llanmere's gothic halls,
While healths go round ;

O ! will the lofty walls
With Morven's song and harp resound ?
And when gay Spring adorns the plains
With blooming flowers,
Still shall old Morven sing and play
In Llanmere's bowers,
To hail Llewella Queen of May ?

No banquet in thy hall, Llanmere,
Again old Morven's heart shall cheer.—

Prophetic is my song !
Beneath this rock my frame will lie,
My spirit soar beyond the sky,
And join the choral throng.

O Llanmere ! when thy bard is dead,
When mute is Morven's tongue ;
His tuneful harp, hung o'er his head,
Will rest awhile unstrung.

For thou, Llewella, on my bier
Wilt shed a precious, pearly tear,
And breathe a sigh for me.

For

For *me*, who taught *thee* first to sing,
Taught thee to strike the tuneful string,
While yet an infant at my knee.
Dear pupil! form'd by harmony divine!
When I no more can sing, no more can play,
Wilt thou, while opening blossoms round thee twine,
Attune the chords, and hail the blooming May?

Then, lovely maid, my spirit gliding near
Thy fragrant bowers,
Well pleas'd, the rural strain shall hear;
Or when upon a cloud reclin'd,
It passes in the winter's wind
O'er Llanmere's towers;
Then may the echoing walls prolong
Old Morven's sacred song;
Dear song of other times!
While fair Llewella's touch his harp sublimes.

The active imagination of Duvalvin
flew with Morven's fancy from the
ocean's coral beds to the star-paved
abodes

abodes of Mona's bards; he was a delighted guest in the banqueting hall, and an enamoured swain in the bowers of Llanmere; he saw the minstrel's cold remains entombed in the rock, and sighed over his silent harp; then he retraced the infant steps of Llewella to the days when she hung on Morven's knee, and he anticipated those when she will strike his harp in the flowery vale as his gentle spirit glides on the breeze; then soaring with that spirit over the battlements of Llanmere, he beheld the lovely maid sweep the chords with a skilful hand, and heard her sing the Druids ancient songs.

While Duvalvin was considering in what manner he should address the reverend bard without alarming him, he took up a pilgrim's staff which had
by

by him, and leaving his harp, slowly descended a little path which led to a romantic spot in the beautiful valley, where nature had united her fragrant charms in wild luxuriance before a little gothic entrance that was formed in a cliff, which Duvalvin imagined led to the minstrel's humble hermitage.

Admiring his venerable and majestic form, as erect and firm he trod the well-known way down the declivity, Duvalvin stood silently waiting till he arrived at the bottom, fearing lest surprise should make him miss a step. When he saw him safe in the valley, he took his seat at the harp, which he could play extremely well, and accompanied his voice, for he had an excellent one, as he sung a serious Italian air, and astonished

Morven

Morven both by the harmony of his voice and his skill in playing.

At first he thought that Sir Llewellyn and Miss Llanmere had been walking that way, and that the latter, who sung Italian, had taken his place, till the voice convinced him of his error.

When Duvalvin had awakened his curiosity sufficiently to prevent his being surprised at the sudden appearance of a stranger in such a remote place, and so late in the evening, he quitted the instrument, and taking the path Morven descended, soon found himself in the valley, and still more charmed with the bard, who with a look beaming benevolence, said affectionately,

“ My

“ My son, thou hast skilfully touched the harp of Morven—dost thou dwell in the vale of Llanmere, or beyond the mountains?”

“ I am a stranger, reverend father, just arrived on the British coast—I have a letter for Sir Llewellyn Llanmere; will you have the goodness to tell me which is the nearest way to his Castle?”

“ Yonder path will lead you to the lake; keep along its bank till you come to a grove on your left hand, take the broad covered walk, which will bring you to a coach road between two fine shrubberies, and you will see the gate of the stable yard, which is much nearer than the great entrance to the Castle. You must walk fast, my son, or the
family

family will be retired for the night, and you will not get in. No warders watch upon the walls of Llanmere Castle: Sir Llewellyn is too humane to deprive his fellow creatures of their natural hours of rest to keep up the vain parade of state; he worships a Divine Power, to whose protection he confides himself and household.—Go, my son, and may *that* Power bless and protect you.”

Duvalvin bowed humbly to the reverend bard, and turning his expressive eyes to Heaven, once more silently returned thanks for his miraculous escape, and implored forgiveness if he had acted too precipitately in quitting his native land, and for assuming a fictitious name among generous and hospitable strangers; blushing at the deception which his noble

soul still disdained, though his prudence thought it necessary, he pursued his way to the lake.

A chilling damp seemed to arise from it as he walked along the bank, and before he reached the grove an universal shivering shook his frame, and his weary, trembling legs could scarcely support him to the covered walk, in which he soon perceived an arbour, and inconsiderately threw himself on the seat, and overcome with fatigue, gave way to a drowsiness that stole upon his senses.

Poor Duvalvin was not sufficiently recovered from the illness occasioned by his confinement in the cavern to endure much exertion, yet, had he walked hastily on to the Castle immediately after
he

he saved little Owen, he most probably would not have felt any bad effects from the humane deed, but sitting on the rock so long in his wet clothes brought on the aguish chill which now weakened his whole frame, and when he awakened from an uneasy and unrefreshing slumber, and painfully dragged his benumbed limbs to the end of the walk, no lights appeared in the windows of Llanmere Castle. The moon had sunk behind a dark cloud, and his repeater, injured by the wet, had stopped.

A stranger to the time, and conscious of the impropriety of disturbing the family at an unseasonable hour, though he imagined his life might be the sacrifice, he determined to wait patiently in one of the arbours until morning, and

H. 2

endeavour,

endeavour, if possible, to sleep off the disorder he felt severely. Just as he had made this resolve the castle clock struck two. Sighing as he turned from the peaceful mansion where he had hoped to repose his *now* aching head, despair for a moment gloomed the serene mind of Duvalvin, till, reflecting on the horrors of the dungeon della Balza, he viewed the starry expanse, and grateful for the liberty he enjoyed, pressed the verdant grass with pleasure, although his feeble feet could scarcely retrace their way to the nearest harbour, where, lulled by the dashing of the waves against the rocks, he again forgot his pain and weariness in sleep.

CHAP. XI.

Gaiety checked.

SIR Llewellyn, who was a very early riser, met his blooming daughter in the garden, and seeing that she had wreathes of natural flowers hanging over her arm, he said,

“Where is my Llewella going? what place is to be decorated with those fragrant chaplets?”

“I am going to the boat-house, Sir. You said yesterday that you would fish

this morning in the Lake. Last night I wove a net-work of rushes to make an awning for the boat, and these flowers are to hang in festoons around it; then you know, my dear Sir, that we shall sit within a fragrant bower, though on the bosom of the Lake."

"Yes, my sweet girl, and you shall read to me; your soft voice will not alarm the fishes. Go on, my love, I will follow you immediately."

As Llewella passed the harbour she beheld Duvalvin asleep. His dark hair waved over his forehead, his cheeks were flushed with a feverish glow, and his white, well-formed hand lay upon the green turf, and convinced her that he was no rustic. She turned back to meet her father, and said smilingly,

"My

“ My dear Sir, I have found a stranger sleeping in the arbour; come softly and look at him. See, by his shoes he must have come from beyond the mountains. How serene he looks! surely those placid features denote a good mind; do you not think so, my father?”

“ I do, my love. Poor young man! I wish he had a better bed—doubtless he is much fatigued.”

“ Ah! Sir, I wish you would permit me to indulge an innocent frolic.”

“ Am I not always indulgent to my playful girl?”

“ Then let me now entwine these blooming garlands, and bind this sleep-

ing traveller for trespassing on our grounds, in fetters which will surprise him. We will hide ourselves, and watch his waking."

"He may sleep for hours, and tire our patience."

"I will make a noise with the branches and awaken him, when I have bound him with my flowery chain."

Lightly did the smiling Llewella twine her wreathes around Duvalvin's arm, and drawing them over some branches of the bower, form a slight entanglement, then taking her father's hand, drew him gently to the side of the bower, where, rustling among the leaves, she wilfully awakened her prisoner, who
opening

opening his aching eyes, beheld his fragrant bands with the greatest astonishment, and exclaimed aloud,

“ Good Heaven! what mockery is this! to deck my aching limbs and feeble frame with flowers! Oh! that my pain and my misfortunes were over, and that these garlands lay upon my breathless corse! Existence is misery! my *future* paths will be strewed with *thorns*! for alas! the *flowers* of my life are all *withered*!”

“ Do not say so, young man; they may have drooped awhile, but will revive again; do not despair, and excuse the frolic of a playful girl, who, happy herself, had no idea of distress, and meant only to surprise you agreeably.”

Duvalvin lifted up his eyes, and saw the graceful and still handsome Sir Llewellyn, with his beautiful daughter hanging on his arm, who said to her father, the tear trembling in her eye,

“ Oh! Sir, I am shocked at my inadvertency! I have indulged a childish playfulness at the expense of an afflicted mind! he had *forgotten* his sorrows, and I unfortunately have awakened him to *feel* them! I cannot forgive myself.”

“ My dear Llewella! I will endeavour to repair your fault, which was an innocent one; you knew not he was unhappy. Sir, permit me to offer you better accommodations than the grove affords.”

Duvalvin

Duvalvin, who had arisen the minute he saw Sir Llewellyn and Miss Llanmere, stood leaning against the side of the bower, pale and trembling—he felt his disorder increase rapidly, and replied,

“ Let me only intrude on your humanity for a *grave*—I am dying—I have *no home—no friends*—death will be welcome to me.”

“ You are mistaken; your illness is a temporary one I hope. You shall find a home in Llanmere Castle, and a friend in Llewellyn—Cheer up—do not fancy yourself among strangers.”

Sir Llewellyn held out his hand—Duvalvin grasped it—looked expressively at the Baronet and his compassionate

daughter, and without being able to utter a syllable, fell senseless at their feet. Llewella screamed, and sunk down by his side—she did not faint—she lifted up his head, and laid it on her knee—her tears fell on his face as she falteringly exclaimed,

“ I have killed *him*—how sweetly he slept! that sleep would have recovered him—I cruelly awakened him! and *now* he is *dead*! Oh! my father, he will never wake again—*never*!”

“ He will, my child—he has only fainted—rub his temples with your lavender water—he will soon revive. Be calm, my Llewella—you tremble—give me the bottle.”

“ He

“ He is cold, my father, and his eyes are fixed.—Unhappy stranger! See, my garlands still hang around him!—was it for *this* I twined them!—Ah! he moves!—he will not die!—what shall we do for him, Sir?”

“ When he is sufficiently recovered we will take him home: the kind care of Doctor Morgan will soon restore him to health.”

A deep sigh heaved the bosom of Duvalvin—he gazed at Llewella, and then closed his eyes, as if to recollect himself. Sir Llewellyn said affectionately,

“ My dear Sir, I rejoice to see you better—you are with friends—banish, if possible, every uneasiness from your mind.”

“ I fear I am giving this trouble to Sr Llewellyn and Miss Llanmere; pardon me—I am very ill, and unable to express my gratitude.—This letter, Sir, is from Doctor O'Brien, with whom I parted but yesterday.”

While Sir Llewellyn read the letter, Duvalvin observing that Miss Llanmere held her handkerchief before her face as if she were weeping, felt himself embarrassed—he took up the flowers, and admired their beautiful arrangement; she uncovered her blushing face, and looking beseechingly at him, said,

“ Oh ! name them not ! I am ashamed to look at them—*ashamed* to think what a trifling fool I must appear.”

“ You

“ You are an *angel*—Gwyneth told me so—I heard your praises too in venerable Morven’s tuneful song:

Smiles illuminated Llewella’s expressive face while Duvalvin was speaking—well she knew the partiality of Morven and Gwyneth, and was pleased that her interesting captive should have heard her character from *their* lips; she was pleased too at seeing the colour returning to his cheeks, and lustre to his eyes, for she did not know that it was the deceitful glow and brilliancy of an increasing fever; before she could reply to Duvalvin her father had read his letter, and said,

“ Now, Sir, you are doubly welcome to Llanmere, both on your own account
and

and my friend Obrien's; when you are able, we will walk to the Castle, this blushing penitent shall help me to support you."

"How it distresses me to give you so much trouble! let me *die* here—I feel the chill of death thrill through my veins—"

"Take courage, Sir—walking will circulate your blood—the chilliness you feel at present is in consequence of your fainting—if it does not go off of itself, a warm bed and some whey will soon remove it. Assure yourself, my dear Mr. Fitz-Alvin, that every thing shall be done to render Llanmere Castle agreeable to you."

Duvalvin

Duvalvin bowed, and leaned upon the offered arm of Sir Llewellyn, who, finding that he trembled and was very weak, said,

“Come, my Llewella, take hold of Mr. Fitz-Alvin’s arm; you made him your prisoner in sport, and now in earnest you must help to convey him to the Castle, where I hope *friendship*, not *indisposition*, will confine him for some time.—By Doctor Obrien’s letter, his society will be an acquisition to us.”

Llewella held Duvalvin’s trembling arm—she observed his feeble and unsteady step—and looking up at him, his languid eyes met hers with an expression so grateful, so tender, that her heart, already softened by compassion, gave way

to

to sensibility without restraint. The tears flowed down her pallid cheeks—sighs heaved her bosom, and her trembling arm could scarcely support the interesting object, who, though now a little revived from the death-like state she had beheld him in, would soon, she feared, lie an inanimate corse in Llanmere Castle; while poor Duvalvin, who actually thought himself dying, was reconciled to his untimely fate, because it would be lamented by the fair Llew-ella.

When they arrived at the Castle the humane and skilful Doctor Morgan received the languid Duvalvin with almost paternal affection, and promised to watch over him with the tenderest care, and do all in his power to abate the violence of
the

the fever, and remove the excruciating pains which the invalid felt in his limbs.

During their breakfast Sir Llewellyn, kindly anxious for his amiable guest, was thoughtful and uneasy. Miss Llanmere endeavoured to cheer her father, and conceal her own grief, but her efforts to do either were in vain, and sadness usurped the place of mirth in the Castle of Llanmere.

CHAP. XII.

Gratitude and Sorrow.

AFTER breakfast Sir Llewellyn ordered the boat to be prepared, and desired his daughter to accompany him as she had intended. Llewella could not refuse; she fetched a book, and set out with her father.

As they were going towards the Lake they met Gwyneth Aprice, with little Owen in her hand: after paying her duty to the Baronet and his daughter, and making the child do the same, she said,

“ May

“ May I pe so polt as to ask after the coot tear shentleman, the pleffet angel, who savet the tear life of hur tarling little poy Owen? I hopes in Cot hur have taken no colt in the river, Cot Almighty pless hur!”

“ Whom do you mean, my good Gwyneth?”

“ A pleffet shentleman, your Honor, pe hur not at the Castle?—have hur lost hur roat?—Oh! coot Cot Almighty for-pit that hur shoult have pited in hur wet clothes all night, ant tie teat, ant gone for saving little Owen! Oh! poor tear heart! where to hur pe!”

“ Dear Gwyneth, who saved Owen? what is the gentleman’s name? tell us
the

the particulars—perhaps it is Mr. Fitz-Alvin.”

“ Yes! yes! my tear cotmother, that to pe hur name, that hur tolt little Owen when hur pringet hur out of the river to poor mam all wet ant colt. Where to hur pe, tear, coot cotmother?”

“ He is in the Castle, very bad. I fear—I *fear* he will not live. Poor little Owen! he has saved *your* life at the expense of his *own*.”

“ No, coot Latty! say not so; we will pray night ant tay. Cot is too coot and merciful to let hur tie for hur plessset teet. O! your Honor, pit coot, tear toctor Morcan safe hur plessset life, and give poor Gwyneth Aprice leave to pite at the
Castle,

Castle, ant nurse her, tear shentleman!
for saving hur papy, hur Owen! Yes,
your Honour, let Gwyneth pite asite
hur pet night and tay, ant give hur hur
proths ant hur medicines."

" You shall, my grateful Gwyneth ;
you *shall* nurse the preserver of your
child."

Gwyneth's gratitude, her artless and
sincere grief, and the tears which flowed
down Owen's innocent face, greatly af-
fected Sir Llewellyn and the gentle
Llewella ; they requested the afflicted
Gwyneth to give them the particulars of
Mr. Fitz-Alvin's conduct in regard to
Owen, and were more interested than
ever for their new guest, when they
found that his humanity to an unknown
chil

child was the cause of his present sufferings.

Sir Llewellyn was pleased with Gwyneth's grateful anxiety to nurse the man to whom she owed the life of her child; it was all the return she could make for his goodness. Gwyneth had been a careful attendant to Lady Ella Llanmere during a long illness; since her decease she had also nursed Miss Llanmere in the small pox; Sir Llewellyn therefore readily granted her the permission to remain at the Castle during the indisposition of his guest.

Llewella loved Gwyneth--she felt great consolation in the idea of the interesting Fitz-Alvin's having such a tender nurse. She recovered her spirits sufficiently

sufficiently to converse with her father as they walked to the Lake with some degree of cheerfulness, but the subject of her discourse was the humanity of Fitz-Alvin.

As they did not pass through the covered walk, the wreaths were forgotten, and the green netting was made use of for an awning, without the blooming ornaments which were woven for it.

As Miss Llanmere's spirits had been so much agitated, the affectionate Sir Llewellyn did not let her read out to him, lest it should fatigue her; silently therefore did two hours pass away while each pursued a favourite amusement.

Llewella's book diverted her thoughts

a little from the events of the morning, and the Baronet was pleased with his success. They quitted the Lake, which had gaily reflected the splendour of the noon-tide sun, and entered the covered walk: the thick canopy of intertwining boughs cast a gloom around them that appeared the more dismal from its contrast to the dazzling brilliancy of the tissued lake. Llewella's heart was chilled; a melancholy dread stole into her mind as she approached the Castle.

They passed the bower—a part of the wreath still hung on a branch of the woodbine—Llewella sighed—her father had stopped to examine the root of a tree that grew above the surface of the ground. She walked slowly on: in the path, faded and dusty, lay another part
of

of the beautiful wreath—she paused—she gazed on the dying flowers—they were melancholy emblems of him whom she had encircled with them ; their beauty was gone, they would soon be dead—a painful presentiment saddened her soul—her hand trembled as she opened the gate of the shrubbery—Sir Llewellyn approached—she hastily wiped away the tears which flowed from her eyes.

Sir Llewellyn observed her grief, and asked the cause. She ingenuously told him what her reflections had been at the sight of the flowers. He praised her sensibility, and dropped a tear upon her hand as he pressed it to his lips.

When they arrived at the Castle they found the good old Morven there ; for

Sir Llewellyn seldom dined without his reverend minstrel. From him they heard how skilfully their invalid could touch the harp, and how well he could sing—every thing conspired to endear him to them; and when Doctor Morgan came into the room, Sir Llewellyn asked,

“How is your patient, my good Doctor?”

“In great danger, I fear, Sir; he has been very ill, it seems, and this relapse, just as he was recovering, will most probably be fatal to him—Poor young man! The unhappy Gwyneth has told me all, and prayed on her knees that God would bless my endeavours to save the preserver of her Owen.—Poor young man! I hope God *will* bless my endeavours to
save

save him! but if his life be sacrificed to his humanity, he will die in a good cause. He suffers patiently—the calm resignation with which he meets his fate is wonderful for so young a man! You, Morven, whose soul seems already sublimed by a long and well-spent life, could not be, apparently, better prepared for eternity.”

“ *I am not prepared—dark suspicion has sullied the soul of Morven! the hapless stranger struck my harp, and sung—I looked up to my rock, and listened to the enchanting strains—he descended, and addressed me in a voice so harmonious, accompanied by a look so expressive of innate excellence, that I was worse than a savage to doubt him—yet I *did*! and I have *destroyed* him! he will never*

more sing upon the rock of Llanmere!
he will never more strike the harp of
Morven!"

Tears fell fast upon the bosom of
Llewella—she could not speak—her
father, surprised, said to the venerable
and afflicted bard,

"How, my dear Morven, how have
you destroyed this interesting young
man? *you* who would not hurt a fly."

"He boasted not of the good deed he
had performed—he only asked the way
to Llanmere Castle—I could have taken
him through the garden—twice I had
the key in my hand—How could I sus-
pect him!—why did I fear to conduct
him by the nearest way! I made him go
round

round by the Lake—I told him if he were not expeditious the family would be retired for the night—Alas! he missed the path perhaps, or, sick and weary, crept slowly on, and *was too late*. A bold intruder would have knocked loudly for admittance—he was too modest—yet I cruelly, unjustly, *suspected*, and have *killed* him!”

Llewella left the room—she could not console Morven—she wanted consolation herself—her heart was interested for the sleeping stranger when first she beheld him in the arbour, and his illness claimed a tender pity which she endeavoured not to controul. She recollected the serenity of his features while asleep, and their animation when he awakened—A momentary pleasure enlivened hers, and she ejaculated,

“ Preserve him, Heaven! let not death triumph over so young a victim! Oh! he has! he *has!*—in a moment he seemed to blast the animated beauty of Fitz-Alvin’s face, and crushed his fine form to the earth—I warmed his cold hands—I supported his head upon my knee—I shall *never* forget it—he revived *then*—his eyes recovered their brightness, his cheeks their glow—I wish I could watch by him! perhaps—no, no I could not save his life—Gwyneth will be very careful of him—yet *I*—it is not proper—I must make myself easy—*easy!* no, that is impossible—poor Fitz-Alvin! why did you come to *die* at Llanmere? If he should *live!*—I will creep softly into the room, and ask Gwyneth how he is—if he be *better*, I shall be *happy*—if he be *dying*, I may—I *may weep*—*humanity*

manity requires some little shew of tenderness—my father cannot be angry—he will grieve as well as I—so will the good Morven—how *could* he *suspect* him! poor Fitz-Alvin!”

She went to the chamber, and opened the door very gently—Gwyneth was weeping by the bedside; Llewella made a sign to her not to speak, and sat down near the bed—the curtains were drawn close—a deep sigh interrupted the melancholy pause; Llewella answered it involuntarily with one as deep, and finding that he was awake, ventured to say,

“How do you find yourself, Sir?”

“In Heaven when I hear that angelic
voice!”

voice! it seems to breathe health over my frame, and whispers happiness to my soul.—Just now a death-like chill came over me—I thought I was dying; your voice, Miss Llanmere, has warmed me—has called me back to life.”

“ And to the delirium of a fever, for certain, or you would never use such a persuasive argument to make a woman talk; the Doctor will tell you that quietness is the best restorative, and we must not counteract his orders.—He is a skilful and an amiable man—every thing shall be done that will promote your health and happiness—my father is greatly interested for you, Sir; he told you to be as free from restraint *here* as if you were in your own house, and to banish, if possible, every uneasy thought from

from your mind. Adieu—Gwyneth will attend *you* as carefully and affectionately as she did *me*. We will all combine to sooth and cheer you—*may* our endeavours prove successful!”

Without opening the curtains, or waiting for an answer, Llewella glided softly out of the room, rather more cheerful than she was when she entered it.

On the stairs she met Doctor Morgan who was going to visit his patient, but Llewella did not say that *she* had been to visit him also, for fear the Doctor should think it imprudent.

CHAP. XIII.

Uneasiness increased.

WHEN they met at dinner, Llew-
ella watched Doctor Morgan's looks; he
was very grave—so was her father and
Morven. She feared to ask any ques-
tions, lest the answers she might receive
should affect her too much. A gloomy
silence was observed all the dinner time,
and no one evinced their health by their
appetite.

When the cloth was removed, Sir
Llewellyn

Llewellyn drank to Mr. Fitz-Alvin's speedy recovery, Doctor Morgan said,

“ I most sincerely wish so fine a young man may be restored to a world he appears formed to adorn—but I fear such a happy event will not take place, for such very alarming symptoms attend his disorder at present, that I am rather apprehensive of a speedy dissolution.”

Llewella left the table, and went to a window at some distance. The pious Morven lifted up his eyes, and silently petitioned Heaven in behalf of the stranger, while Sir Llewellyn Llanmere, leaning his head upon his hand, seemed lost in melancholy contemplation. Doctor Morgan interrupted the sad pause by saying, with his eyes fixed upon his watch,

“ *Twelve*

“ *Twelve* hours will decide his fate—to-morrow morning he will be a corpse, or I shall have some hopes.”

Llewella, wishing to avoid conversation, and to conceal the tears which she now found it impossible to restrain, opened a glass door that led to the garden, and hastened to a remote walk, although she was scarcely able to see her way. She had not gone far before her little dog ran towards her, trailing after him a part of the unfortunate wreath; he laid it at her feet, and seemed to woo her with his playful tricks to deck him with the neglected garland.

Frequently did Llewella adorn his thick ruff of long silvery hair with the most delicate flowers, while the little creature

creature gratefully licked the fair hands which so gaily embroidered his beautiful coat, that rivalled in whiteness the lily of the vale.

Never was poor Azor so coldly received by his mistress as he was at this minute; in vain he yelped and wagged his tail; in vain he jumped up to kiss her hands, that were clasped together.

Llewella heeded not his careffes; her tearful eyes were fixed upon the withered flowers, and her thoughts on him over whom, in the playful gaiety of her heart, she had hung them.

Azor, impatient to be noticed, as usual, again took the wreath in his mouth, and turning round, threw it over
her

her feet. Starting from it with a look of terror, she said,

“ Cruel Azor! why did you bring these flowers to me? are they to meet my eyes for ever? Hide them—hide them, Azor; they are dead, *quite dead!* and my *heart* is no longer *gay*.—What a change! I cannot play with you, my poor fellow!—away, away—go hide the flowers, Azor.”

The dog obeyed his mistress; he took up the flowers, and carried them into the shrubbery, he left them there, and returned to Llewella, who was sitting in a bower. He lay down at her feet very quietly, and looked pitifully up in her face, as if he sympathised in her affliction. She took him up, and put him on
the

the seat by her ; he laid his head on her lap, and licked her hand affectionately, while she said,

“ Yes, my little friend, you know that I am unhappy—I am indeed, Azor. Poor little dog! I should be sorry—*very* sorry if *you* were *dying*—then surely, *surely* I *may* grieve for—Fitz-Alvin!”

The name was inarticulately pronounced, and in a lower voice than the other words, as her tears sunk silently into Azor’s soft, white hairs, like a gentle shower into unfulled snow.

Restless and anxious, she soon grew weary of her situation, yet much more so of her uneasy reflections, which constantly dwelt upon the interesting stranger.

She

She returned to the Castle; with her little favourite under her arm; she feared to put him down, lest he should again bring the flowers to her, for he was accustomed to hide his play-things when he was ordered, either among the shrubs or in his wicker house, and then fetch them out again when he had a fancy to play; and poor Llewella could not behold the fatal wreath without the heart-wounding thought that she had with unpardonable levity sported with an amiable man, when his soul was oppressed by misery, and his languid frame within a few hours of its dissolution.

Heavily did the evening pass away—
The reverend Morven retired early to his hermitage with a sorrowful heart.
At supper Doctor Morgan said, that as
Mr.

Mr. Fitz-Alvin still continued in a very dangerous state, he intended to sit up with him all night.

Sir Llewellyn possessed too much sensibility to be at ease, and enjoy himself, while a fellow creature under his roof was apparently so near death, and Miss Llanmere feared to open her lips, lest she should betray the emotions of her heart.—Sir Llewellyn said,

“ My dear girl, you are not accustomed to scenes of affliction; death is very awful, and I do not wonder you feel for this unhappy stranger: retire, my love, and endeavour to compose yourself—I hope the good Doctor will have a better account to give us of his patient to-morrow morning than he expects.—Good night, my Llewella.”

CHAP. XIV.

Superstition.

WHEN Llewella went into her dressing room, she immediately opened the window, and looked out to avoid the observation of her lively and affectionate Marian, who was waiting to undress her.

Never was an evening more serenely beautiful; the unclouded moon shone resplendently on the Lake, which terminated a vista of majestic oaks, while the gentle gales wafted the solemn strains of Morven's harp to her attentive ear.

They

They were suited to her thoughts—they seemed a funeral dirge for the dying Fitz-Alvin. She saw the venerable bard upon his rock, and said to herself,

“ *There, last night, fat poor Fitz-Alvin—his fingers gave harmony to that harp. Why was I not here! He will never strike the harp again! I shall never hear him! Oh! Morven! had you not been too, too cautious, he might now be in good health, and conversing with me, perhaps in that garden through which you feared to bring him; or playing some delightful air on the harp of Llew-ella. I see it—I see the river glittering between the rocks—the river so fatal to Fitz-Alvin! Come here, Marian! look at yonder river between the rocks, and tell me what is moving on it like a dusky cloud.*”

“ Oh!

“ Oh! oh! Cot preserve us! for certain it pe the spirit of the young man, who pe tying or teat, gone to walk upon it. See, see! now it pe going to Heaven—no, no, it pe sit town on the rock first—Ah! ah! how it pe screaming!—he to pe *teat*—this very moment he to pe teat for certain—I know its treatful voice—it pe the night raven telling us the young man pe teat.”

“ Yes; it is the night raven, I hear, but I have often heard it, Marian, and yet no one has died—do not be so superstitious, my good girl.”

While Llewella was speaking, the portentous bird flew to a cypress tree directly opposite her, and clapping its dusky wings, again shrieked horribly,
and

and then flying towards the Castle, perched over the chamber where the sick man lay, and repeated her discordant and ominous skriek, which was immediately succeeded by a strain from Morven's harp, so awfully sad, that poor Llewella was unable any longer to stifle her grief—she threw herself into a chair and covered her face, while hysterical sobs heaved her bosom.

Morven possessed a great share of ancient superstition; the night raven had always been regarded by him as a bird of omen; he had observed her progress as he paused over his harp, and concluding that Doctor Morgan's apprehensions would be soon verified, he actually played and sung a solemn requiem for the soul which he imagined was just departing from its mansion of clay.

Poor

Poor Marian hung over her beloved young lady in speechless amaze, to see her so afflicted for a stranger; at length she ventured to say,

“Tont e cry so pray, tear laty! I wishes that the stranger man hat tiet in the river, or tiet in the grove—for why tit hur come *here* to tie, I wonters? Oh! that he was out of our tear, coot, peautiful Castle of Llanmere, and far away ayont the mountains, and not pringing the pale pirt of night here, to sing a teath song apout the Castle—Cot pless us and save us! why tit hur come here!”

“Leave me, Marian, I am better—I will undress myself—go to bed—shut the window—I wish I had not gone near it. Marian, go very *very softly* to the
room

room where the stranger lies—speak to Gwyneth—she will tell you—”

“ Yes, that he pe *teat*. ”

“ God forbid !—Stay, Marian—I will not fend you—Doctor Morgan is there—undress me—hark ! I hear footsteps—open the door—perhaps it is Gwyneth—go see quickly. ”

“ If it pe, hur will knock—ant if it pe nopoty, for why shoul I open the toor, tear laty ? ”

“ To see who is going by—and to ask— ”

“ If it pe the teat man’s spirit coing py ! Lort a mercy ! Saint Tavit pless us

and preserve us! ton't pit hur open the toor all this plessset night."

"Will you not go to bed, Marian? How are you to get to your room without opening the door?"

"How pe I inteet?"

"I did not imagine you were so fearful, my poor Marian! go *now*, while I am up—I can undrefs myself—go, and I will stand at my room door till you shut yours, then I hope you will think yourself safe, fimple girl!"

"Inteet, I only pe fearet when teath pirts scream and spirits walk apout the Castle. Cot save us all! put I will co to pet *now* if them pe cone py.—Coot night, tear laty! Cot pless you!"

Marian

Marian left the room; Llewella staid at the door; a solemn silence reigned throughout the Castle, till again the terrific bird shrieked horribly, and Marian ran back shrieking worse than the raven, and exclaimed when she saw Llewella,

“ I a seen it! I a seen it! I a seen it! I a heart it say, ‘ Marian! Marian!’ Oh! it pe coming here! look—look where it pe.”

Llewella looked, and saw a figure in white standing in the gallery—she started—and Marian, overcome by her fears, sunk down on the ground. Llewella kept her eyes fixed on the figure, which came towards her, and she soon discovered that it was Doctor Morgan wrapt in a long flannel gown, and with his

night-cap on. Thus prepared to sit up with the invalid, he was going to his chamber, when Marian beheld him at the very moment the night raven shrieked, and prepossessed with her fears, she concluded he was the spirit of the dead man, and flew back rapidly.

In vain he called to her—his voice increased her terror, and he now found her quite insensible—nor was Llewella much better—pale, cold, and trembling, she stood gazing alternately at Marian and the Doctor without being able to speak; he took her passive hand, and led her to a seat, and then lifted Marian from the ground, and laid her on a sofa in the dressing room, far more alarmed the wild look of Llewella than at *her* fainting, from which a little water soon recovered

recovered her, and she was then convinced that it was Doctor Morgan whom she had seen, and no ghost.

Llewella still sat inanimate—the Doctor took her hand—she looked up at him, and said,

“ He is dead! poor Fitz-Alvin! you could not save him!”

“ I hope I shall have the happiness to save Mr. Fitz-Alvin—he is *not* dead, thank God!”

“ And is he *likely* to recover? are the *twelve* hours past?”

“ No, they are not; yet I have some little hope *now*, as he sleeps.”

“ So he did in the bower—he slept so serenely! I awakened him, and alas! I feared that he would never sleep again. Are you sure he sleeps? will he live?”

“ The symptoms are rather favourable at present; it is impossible to answer for a certainty yet awhile.”

“ If he dies, I shall accuse myself as partly accessory to his death, and that thought makes me so miserable!”

“ I do not wonder that the piercing glances of those bright eyes had a very fatal effect on the poor young man just as he awakened, and I really fear that he will never recover——”

“ Sir!”

“ His

“ His liberty, my dear Lady, his liberty. Is he not your captive ? and if he survives he will most likely prove his sensibility by glorying in your chains ; and as you took advantage, and bound him when he could not resist, in pity let his bonds be always flowery ones.”

“ My dear Doctor, is *this* a time to joke ?”

“ Certainly.—I wish to *leave* you in better spirits than I found you. Do you want to hear me croak as disagreeably as the night raven ? I will do no such thing ; for I flatter myself that the raven will prove to be a false *prophet* as surely as I proved to be a false *ghost*.”

Doctor Morgan’s conversation in
some

some degree enlivened Miss Llanmere, and entirely dissipated the fears of Marian; yet she said, if her lady would give her leave to sleep upon the sofa, she had much rather stay there than go to her own room.

Llewella was not displeased at the proposal, because as soon as it were light she could send to enquire after Mr. Fitz-Alvin's health, for before she was undressed all her sad apprehensions returned—she imagined that the Doctor had deceived her now, and that his former fear would be verified. She took her watch to wind it up, but counted the hours instead, and putting it away *unwound*, said mentally,

“At *six* o'clock! *Six* will terminate
the

the *twelve* hours.—Gracious Heaven! let it not also terminate the life of Fitz-Alvin! O! preserve him! Do not let him lie a corpse in the Castle of Llanmere!”

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...

... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...
... of the ...



UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA



3 0112 056952804